

The Saturday Review

No. 3326. Vol. 128. 26 July, 1919. [REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.] 6d.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE:—The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged. It is preferred that MSS. should be typewritten.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

What is the British policy in the Caucasus? For over a year we have had a considerable number of troops there, at Baku, at Tiflis, and at Batum. About a year ago, we despatched a Caucasus Military Agency under Major Goldsmith, which was captured, imprisoned in Moscow, and has now returned to this country. There are many who maintain that the Caucasus, the broad territory between the Black and Caspian Seas, is far richer than Mesopotamia in wool, in hides, in cotton, in oil, and in copper. There is a pipe line between Baku on the Caspian and Batum on the Black Sea. Having spent all this money on an army of occupation, and in fighting off the Turks, are we going to abandon the profits to the Italians? The Italians will never be able to occupy the Caucasus with troops, and to withdraw our own soldiers looks like throwing away a prize.

The breaking up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire will cause financial confusion. By the treaty, the pre-war debts of Austria, both those specifically secured on railways, mines, etc., and those represented by State bonds, will be divided between the German-Austrian Republic and the new states, Poland, Hungary, and Czecho-Slovakia. The Austrian war debt, so far as it is held externally, is to fall on Austria alone, but the holders of war bonds who are nationals of the new republics are apparently to have no recourse against Austria. All properties, financial concessions and organisations, pass to the nationals and governments of the new States. Thus the oil wells in Galicia will pass from the Austrian companies which held them to Polish companies. The currency notes of the Austro-Hungarian Bank are to be taken up by the new Governments and replaced by new currency notes. The first charges on the Austrian Republic are the costs of the occupation and the payments to the Reparation Commission.

With regard to the payment of indemnities by Germany, Mr. Lloyd George did not tell us anything new. The total cost of the war to the Allies is put at £30,000,000,000, the interest on which would mean an annual payment by Germany of £1,800,000,000 a year. Not ten men in a hundred have the faintest notion of the meaning of such figures; but it may make it clearer if we say that the Bottomleys and the Lowthers ex-

pect Germany (with the greater part of her coal and ironfields gone) to produce an annual sum two and a half times greater than the present revenue of Great Britain, in addition to the sum necessary to carry on the government of Germany. If any one thinks that possible, "*Naviget Anticyram.*" Mr. Bottomley, with a large knowledge of the subject, tells us that "when a man is in debt, he pays what he can, and owes the rest." Quite so; and that is just where the indemnity clauses of the Treaty leave us for the present, and must leave us for some time to come, are, indeed, likely to leave us for ever, unless somebody will lend the Germans money, or (the same thing), give them credit.

For the first time for thirty years an English Prime Minister has been made totally independent of the Irish vote in the House of Commons. What a difference it does make, to be sure! For the first time for thirty years we have heard from the lips of a Prime Minister the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, about the Irish question. There is no Irish question, except such as is manufactured by the Irish themselves with their genius for political intrigue and journalism. That there is an Irish question is a myth sedulously fomented by the Northcliffe Press with the intention of embarrassing the Premier and driving Sir Edward Carson out of public life. We have never heard but two arguments for Home Rule: one that the Irish Catholics hate us like poison; two, that if we don't grant Home Rule the Americans will quarrel with us. The first is an insult to our intelligence; the second to that of the American people.

The Prime Minister said, with absolute truth and candour, that the Irish question must remain insoluble unless and until the Irish themselves face the facts of the situation, which are that Ireland is an island very near to Britain, composed of two nations, not one, and that neither of those two can be coerced into adopting a form of Home Rule. In other words, Mr. Lloyd George admits that the Plunkett Convention was a failure, and that partition is inevitable. This is plain speaking, if belated. The newspapers keep on telling us that the Irish question must be settled. By all means: *mais que messieurs les Irlandais commencent!* Meantime, Ireland was never more prosperous; and, strange to say, the House of Commons bears the absence of the Irish members quite philosophically.

The labour troubles, which are slowly driving us towards bankruptcy, are not economic, but due to class-hatred, to the bitter jealousy and insubordination which the modern workers feel towards those individuals who may be better dressed, better educated, and richer than themselves. This is proved by the recent strike on the North Eastern Railway over the eye-sight test. Even the Union does not contend that signalmen and engine drivers should be engaged without an eye-sight test, and the men have resumed work on the promise of a Government test. Now the test in force was one suggested by the men themselves, and supplemented the ordinary test of reading types on a board by an out-of-door test, reading distant signals. But the test was made "by order of the Board," and that was quite enough for the men. This intense personal hatred between classes, and the refusal of those below to obey those above, are things very difficult, if not impossible, to cure. An economic dispute can always be settled by arithmetic.

It is comforting to learn that so clear-headed a lawyer as Lord Buckmaster is opposed to Nationalisation, which he rightly estimates would prove "a curse to the poorer people of this country, because it would diminish the production of commodities necessary for the support of life." The Transport Bill is, as we have said before, a great step towards Nationalisation, the cost of which the Government have hitherto neglected to count. The Government cannot make up their minds about Nationalisation. We gather that Mr. Bonar Law is opposed to it, and that Lord Milner is inclined to it. Lord Milner would not say Ay or No: he dallied with it, and could not see why the State should not manage some industries better than private owners. But even Lord Milner admitted that the Coal Industry could not be managed by a Government department with its present type of Civil Servant. A new race of Civil Servants is to be trained to handle commercial undertakings—how long will that take? And whilst the Government are humming and hawing the Yorkshire mines are being flooded, and the price of coal rising.

We think that Lord Buckmaster understated the financial liabilities of the country, with practically no fiscal resource but the income-tax. Lord Buckmaster puts the interest of the national debt and the cost of the Navy, Army and Civil Service at £800,000,000 a year. He forgets the New Education and Housing schemes, and the subsidies, and the pensions, and the increased salaries to police and teachers, in fact, to everybody. We believe that the annual sum the nation will have to find will be nearer a thousand than eight hundred millions. Can we go on borrowing by Treasury bills or short-dated bonds? The response to the last loan is an emphatic No to that question. Despite the vulgar and undignified efforts of the publicity experts, spending large sums of money in bribing the press, the recent loan was a fiasco, for the simple reason that the old class is scooped out by the war, and the new class won't lend till they know where they are. We predict an income tax of 10s. in the pound, which with super-tax will amount to 13s. or 14s. in the pound for people with over £5,000 a year.

In order to appreciate the terrible gravity of Sir Auckland Geddes's answers to Mr. Houston, we must remember that before the war thousands of millions of American securities were owned by Britons. The interest on those American securities used to be remitted to this country in the shape of commodities. During the war the Government bought those American shares and bonds from their owners with war bonds and sold them to the Americans in part payment of our huge orders for war material. The result is that instead of America having to send us a surplus balance of goods as interest we ought to send them goods. Remembering this, turn to the figures. For the year ending May last, the United Kingdom imports were £1,363,034,000: exports £626,169,000: for the United States, imports £638,169,000: exports £1,415,025,000. The state of the United States ought

to be our state, but it is the reverse. When Mr. Houston asked "whether if our exports did not increase and our imports diminish we were heading for bankruptcy," the Minister replied "that must be obvious to everybody."

Is what is obvious to everybody concealed from Mr. Smillie and his miners? Sabotage has come at last, for the first time in our history. The Yorkshire miners have called out the pumpers from 120 mines and at least six mines in our most valuable coalfield have been flooded. The Government have sent sailors protected by soldiers to work the pumps, and it may be hoped the damage will not be irreparable. The miners have struck because, having obtained higher wages and shorter hours, they want a higher percentage for piece-work. It must be plain to the most credulous State Socialist that the more concessions are made under fear of strikes, the higher rise the demands. But the limit has now been reached. The miners have broken the back of the national industry by their arrogance and insatiate greed, and the country can only be rescued by the physical force at the disposal of the Government.

People are always asking vaguely and angrily, Who are the profiteers? Where are they? Let us only get at them, and we will soon make them disgorge their ill-gotten gains! Even the Government announces, cryptically, but repeatedly, that they are going to do something. May we suggest that attention should be directed towards the great paper makers? They are few and known, and their profits during the war must have been very large. At least two of the great manufacturers of paper were allowed to sit on one of the committees which dealt with the restriction of imports. Needless to say, the Committee recommended that imports of foreign paper should be prohibited, except as to the last 25 per cent. of the national needs, when importation from Canada was permitted. Let the great paper firms be called upon to produce their books since 1914, and we stake our reputation on the assertion that huge profits will be found to have been made at the expense of the printers and publishers.

It really is a comical commentary on our civilisation, progress, education, and the rest of it, that it should be necessary to retain a Minister with an expensive staff to prevent producers from cheating merchants, to prevent merchants from cheating distributors, and to prevent distributors from cheating consumers. Have we become in the last five years a nation of cheats? It looks like it, from the fact that the Food and Coal Controllers are to remain at their posts for another year, and that restrictions on price and quantities are to be as severe as during the war. We never could understand the prices of fish. There are as many fish in the sea as ever; neither mines, nor torpedoes, nor dead Germans, seem to have affected their health. There must now be (allowing for the boys that have grown up) as many fishermen as before. Making every allowance for higher wages all round, there seems no reason for the prices of fish, unless the fishmongers—but, no, decency forbids the thought.

We are a little disappointed that Lieut.-Colonel Malone, M.P., has not responded to our courteous request, that he should tell us whether he is of those who have refused or those who have received money from Pelman, in exchange for a red-hot "glowing tribute" to the virtues of that Institution. Does the honourable and gallant member soar amongst the hundred pounders along with Lady St. Helier and Sir Edward Clarke? Or does he grovel amongst the forty pound class with Mr. Justice Darling and Mr. Birrell? Very likely Colonel Malone is in neither category, but writes gratuitously to inform an ignorant world of his existence. You never can tell.

Lord Newton has got £5,000 damages and costs out of *The Daily Mail* for publishing false, malicious and defamatory attacks upon him. It is a very important verdict. For it shows that the Polypapist is los-

ing the hold on public opinion, which was bred in the panic of war, and which he is forfeiting by its abuse. Consider the meaning of the verdict. It means that a jury found on the evidence that Lord Northcliffe ordered one of his newspapers to persistently tell damaging lies about a public man, who was at the time engaged in negotiating with the German Government for the exchange of some prisoners, the internment of others in Holland and Switzerland, and the better treatment of those in Germany. Why was Lord Newton libelled by Lord Northcliffe's paper? Because he spoke contemptuously, even jeeringly, not of the British prisoners, but of His Imperial Highness the Polypapist.

By a trick of journalism, well-known to professionals, Lord Newton's flouts and gibes, which were directed against the Polypapist, were made to appear as if directed against the British prisoners. For this little trick the Polypapist will probably have to pay £7,000 or £8,000, for Sir John Simon is an expensive luxury, and the Polypapist had the impudence to apply to search the confidential minutes and despatches in the Foreign Office, all of which means "costs," and there are Lord Newton's costs into the bargain. Sir John Simon's defence was remarkable. Seeing the way the case was going—and the evidence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Justice Younger, Lord Devonport, and Lord Robert Cecil was inexpugnable—Sir John took to complimenting Lord Newton (a little late in the day), and then justified the libels because Lord Newton's manner was bad, because he did not manifest by the right words and gestures the sympathy with the prisoners which he really felt. So Lord Northcliffe is not only to dictate our thoughts, but our manner of expressing them!

This is too much. Our Arch Polypapist may own twelve or twenty newspapers, and he may issue to his editorial band a list of proscribed persons, divided into those to be attacked and those to be ignored, or misrepresented. But he really must not add to this the rôle of Turveydrop; our department must be left to our own good or bad taste. Lord Northcliffe is a member of the same House of Parliament as Lord Newton; and if he objected to Lord Newton's tone and his references to the Press, why didn't he get up in the Lords and say so to Lord Newton's face? In the seventeenth century if a politician or a poet gave offence, the offended person hired a gang of ruffians to waylay the wit at night and after a severe beating to slit his nose or crop his ears. Lord Northcliffe will not attack his enemies in the House of Lords; he orders his editors to attack them. But the Polypapist's number is up.

The truth of the business is that Lord Newton is a particularly able man; that he worked very hard without pay on behalf of the prisoners; and that he succeeded in getting more improvements in their treatment out of the Germans than anybody else could have done. Mr. Justice Younger, the Chairman of the Committee dealing with the treatment of prisoners, ought to know, and he described Lord Newton as "a most potent negotiator," though the Northcliffe Press did what it could to disarm by discrediting his power. But Lord Newton has a weakness—we don't mean his irrepressible sense of humour—he cannot, and will not, gush in appropriate journalese; he absolutely refuses to cant, or supply the reporters with "thrills." What a sad, bad, mad, man!

In watching the transference of large blocks of wealth from one class to another, it is always interesting to note the character of the transferees. In every big war the Jews make a great deal of money, because the Jews are middlemen and entrepreneurs, and have a genius for brokerage between Governments and manufacturers. In the Marlborough wars Sir Solomon Medina was the great profiteer. The Napoleonic war made the fortunes of Ricardo, Rothschild, Goldsmid, and Baring. We have not had time to discover exactly whom this war has enriched, though only

too perceptibly many Jews of a decidedly low class have suddenly become rich. In periods of manufacturing activity the Jews give place to the men of Yorkshire, Lancashire and Scotland. The outburst of manufacturing prosperity that begun about 1840 and lasted for some 30 years, made the fortunes of many Lancashire and Yorkshire families.

These war fortunes always excite ill-feeling, because they are made so quickly and without any apparent effort or desert. That is nobody's fault, neither the Government's, nor the lucky man's, who appears at the right moment with the goods in his hand. An enormous demand for something arises suddenly; the Government must have it, whether it be *chlor picru*, or glycerine, or dope, or a million pairs of trousers, and they will pay anything to the man who can supply the thing. To take an example from a well-known manufacturer of silk, Courtaulds. The £1 share of Courtaulds stands to day at £10, so that a man who held 100,000 shares in 1914 is to-day a millionaire. The new rich of the eighteenth century were the Nabobs, who had made millions by plundering the Indians, and mercilessly were they caricatured by Gillray and Rowlandson. Clive and Hastings were Nabobs: Clive cut his throat and Hastings was impeached. The mining magnates of the South African boom were many of them Germans, but they were well treated in London.

Mr. Ford, who has made a fortune out of motors not only beyond the dreams of avarice but beyond the calculation of the mere European, admits that he never reads anything but the headlines in the papers. He doesn't bother about the articles, and describes himself as "an ignorant idealist." Who would have thought it? Mr. Ford's proposals for universal peace and the regeneration of the world were so sagacious, and so apparently based on wide and deep knowledge, that we are astonished at this confession. As leader writers we are also hurt. However, it proves, what we have always contended, that education is absurdly overrated, and has nothing whatever to do with worldly success. Lord Harborton is plainly in the right. This being the age of materialism, now is the opportunity of the uneducated man. Mother-wit and muscle are the instruments with which to open the world's oyster. The wise youth will abandon books and classes to the artisan's children.

Democracy threatens us with a new horror, that of organised pleasure. The *Daily Chronicle* suggested the other day that the amusements of the people should be organised, and that there was a listlessness and lack of aim about bank holidays and popular fêtes. Mr. Massingham writes from America to *The Nation* telling us how feeling is organised, and that at the baseball match the cheering of the crowd must be massed cheering, led by leaders with gramophones, themselves carefully trained to the work of direction. "At the Harvard and Princeton match I heard no spontaneous cheering. Both sets of undergraduates answered to the orchestral voice and hand of the cheer leaders, and stopped dead when they desisted." This is how democracy kills variety and individualism, and erects the fetish of officialdom; for, as Mr. Massingham says, "a uniform seems to strike this democratic free-spoken people dumb." There is an artificial equality, and no liberty. Of all real pleasure organisation is the destroyer.

We learn with surprise, bordering on dismay, from some college papers that have reached us, that Mr. R. H. Tawney has been appointed Lecturer in Economics at Balliol College. The politics of a professor of Poetry, of Greek, of Latin, of Law, or of Chemistry, matter to no one but himself. But History and Political Economy lie at the roots of society; and in appointing lecturers on these subjects it seems to us that no man should be chosen who is openly associated with the practice of party politics. Mr. R. H. Tawney and Mr. Sidney Webb are openly associated with the extreme wing of the Labour Party; they are the "in-

tellectuals" who write their manifestoes and reports. They were appointed to the Coal Commission in this capacity, and they signed the Smillie Reports, which have landed us on the brink of an industrial revolution, if not of civil war.

To appoint a gentleman thus closely linked with Mr. Smillie in public action to lecture on political economy to the Balliol undergraduates appears to us a grave mistake. The Master and Fellows of Balliol may be communists and socialists to a man, if they choose; but they have no business to teach socialism to the sons of the proprietary classes. Some regard should surely be paid to the views of the parents. We hazard the assertion that nine-tenths of the parents who send their sons to Oxford or Cambridge regard the political and economic doctrines of Messrs. Tawney, Webb, Smillie and Co. with dread and detestation. Some seven or eight years ago All Souls College appointed Mr. Tawney to lecture to tutorial classes, which are, we believe, composed of young artisans. And then we are alarmed to discover that so many of the rising generation in all classes are anarchical Socialists! What else can be expected?

We protest against a Left Wing Socialist indoctrinating undergraduates at Oxford with confiscatory ideas. But this is not half so bad as poisoning the minds of children in the nursery with doses of class hatred. In *The Children's Newspaper*, the latest venture of Polypapist Northcliffe, there are pictures side by side of a miner's cottage (doubtless the worst in Motherwell), and Hamilton Palace. This is indeed devilish work, for it can have no other object than to teach these little ones that dukes are monsters, with no human feelings. And yet there is not one of our twenty dukes whose life has been so mischievous as that of Lord Northcliffe.

Sir Edward Holden, who died suddenly of angina pectoris in his seventy-first year, was the professional banker who had worked his way up to the Chair, and was devoted heart and soul to "the Bank." He was a believer in big business, and in employing British deposits to finance foreign, particularly American, bills. He was an emotional man, and once, when tackled at a meeting, burst into tears. He amalgamated the London Joint Stock and the London City and Midland Banks. What he apparently forgot was that big combinations require big men to head them, and that the supply is neither assured nor immortal. Two men are talked of as his successors in the Chair of the London Joint City and Midland, Mr. Bradshaw and Mr. Reginald McKenna. The former is the professional banker; the latter the late Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. McKenna is alert and intelligent, but the finance of Downing Street is not that of Lombard Street, and the fact that he succeeded in Whitehall is rather against his chance of success in the City.

At the time of going to press the executive committee of the Miners Federation were closeted in Downing Street with the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Horne, and Sir Auckland Geddes. Two things we believe to be true; that the Cabinet have made up their mind to refuse nationalisation, and that the miners are secretly relieved to see the sailors saving the country's property from the folly and wickedness of Smillie & Co. The feeling in the constituencies is naturally very bitter against the miners, and the extra 6s. on the price has done more to teach political economy to the masses than speeches, books, and pamphlets during the last ten years. An industry can "bear" (to use a technical term) a certain cost of production, and no more. When the wages and the profits of capital go beyond a certain point, the commodity becomes too dear to sell, and the market is lost. France has diverted her orders for coal from Britain to the United States, as she cannot afford to pay the difference between our present inflated charges and the American ones. Other countries which we used to supply will do the same. The miners in asking too much are cutting their own throats.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

WE are glad that the miners have dropped the mask, and proclaimed themselves in their true character of Bolsheviks, or Reds, or revolutionaries, or any other name that may be used to denote violent and lawless rebels against the State. A certain type of theoretical Socialist laughs loudly at the use of the term Bolshevik in the politics of this country. He is a dupe that so laughs, for the term Bolshevik is used as Jacobin was used by our grandfathers to describe the professors of the tenets and practices of the French robbers and assassins, who retarded the cause of liberty by half a century. The Bolshevik or Maximalist party in Russia has been working out for the last two years, logically and remorselessly, the doctrines held by their sect in every country of the world, namely, the confiscation of private property and the abolition of all coercive authority. These doctrines have been demonstrated by the use of murder, torture, starvation, and wholesale robbery and incendiaryism. And these doctrines are cherished at this hour in almost every country in the world, though it is impossible to say how far the disciples would go in the use of brute force for the triumph of their theories. The coal miners of this country have declared war upon the State, and have opened the campaign by an attempt to starve and ruin their countrymen by flooding mines. It is pretty well for a beginning. If it opens the eyes of doctrinaires like Messrs. Sidney Webb and Tawney, who signed the Smillie reports, it will do good: but we have no hope that it will have any such enlightening effect. For as Burke wrote long ago, "these philosophers consider men in their experiments no more than they do mice in an air-pump, or in a recipient of mephitick gas." Perish the State, so long as Socialism survives! is their motto.

The colliers' strike, accompanied by destruction of the sources of coal supply, is only one development of what the newspapers, with their silly euphemisms, call "industrial unrest." The strike and the unrest, as we point out in a Note, are not economic, but social, or rather anti-social. Economic disputes about wages and hours can always be settled round a table by a little arithmetic and commonsense. The causes of this strike and of others with which we are threatened lie far deeper, nearer to the roots of all civilised society. Mr. Bonar Law said in the House of Commons that he really didn't know what the strike was about: some said it was because we were fighting Bolshevism in Russia—we are not, we wish we were: others gave as the reason the decision to make the consumers pay the cost of the miners' wages: others, again, assigned military conscription, and others the high prices of food as the causes. Mr. Bonar Law might well feel puzzled, for the strikers have wrung from the Sankey Commission more than their greedy imagination dared to expect. The causes of this strike, of the sabotage, of the rapidly spreading "unrest," are the same as in all revolutions, a determination to defy all constituted authority, and a bitter personal hatred of all their fellow countrymen, who by birth, or office, or wealth, occupy positions above the level of the manual worker. These causes are in their turn the direct effects of the flattery that has been lavished on the working classes for the last twenty years by politicians, and the weakness of Governments, supported by Parliaments, in always giving way to demands, however exorbitant. They who sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind. The Conservatives must bear their share of the blame, for they had not the courage to oppose the passing of the Trades Disputes Act of 1906, which placed the Trade Union funds beyond liability for breaches of contract. Lord Lansdowne spoke of that legislation as "a reign of license inaugurated by the recklessness of the Government"; Lord Halsbury characterised it as "outrageously unjust," as "legalising tyranny," and as "the most disgraceful Act ever submitted to the Legislature." Yet the House of Lords did not dare to reject or even to amend it, lest the position of the peers might be endangered. But the Liberal party is far

more to blame, for it has beslavered organised Labour with an adulation that would have made a Tudor smile. Only a year or two ago, during the war, Mr. Lloyd George bid the working classes "be audacious" and "open their mouths wide." Fatal words, too easy for the speaker, more sweet than Hybla-drops to the listeners, into whose minds they sank instantly and deep.

Reaping the whirlwind is not a pleasant harvest; but it has to be gone through. The Prime Minister has a Parliament devoted to him, with a majority far larger than any accorded to his predecessors. He has, we are certain, the support of all sane and respectable men and women out of doors: we believe, or at least we hope, that he can command the services of the forces that must obey any Government, if it is to exist, the navy, the army, and the police. But the Government must act firmly and promptly.

MELMANISM AGAIN.

IT is not our habit to puff our own wares. In any case our system of Melmanism, which at the cost of one penny (three farthings for ex-service men) grounds the student in the whole technique of oblivion, has made so good a start that it can afford to dispense with advertisement. 'What to forget and how to forget it,' our brief explanatory booklet, enjoys a record circulation. 'Hollow chests for all' (a course of physical exercises which accompanies every issue of 'What to forget') is for the moment out of print; so great was the run made on it during the period of demobilisation by thousands of the soldiers, anxious to exchange the absurd rigidity of a military carriage for that attractive droop—the "Melman droop"—which is now a passport to society. But in our prosperity we must not forget our struggling rival, Pelmanism: struggling, because it cannot apparently make any headway without filling the daily press with several square yards of dirtily printed self-praise. We are the less tempted to forget it, since it provides us with the majority of our recruits. How many a brain-sick Pelmanist has come to us in despair, and departed with new hope and promise! The tale our suppliants unfold is always the same: time which should have been devoted to work frittered away in mooning over the little grey books; the will paralysed when the call to action comes, by an obsessive impulse to count the buttons on the boots of every interlocutor; the employer's anger when his own footwear is subjected to prolonged scrutiny, or the colour of his eyebrows too narrowly noted; the summary dismissal. The search for a new billet, haunted by more visions of boot-buttons, more spectral eyebrows. The same cry, we say, reaches us from the unfrocked clergyman, the Admiral "on the beach," and the General who was Stellenbosched because he kept repeating to himself "I mean to succeed," when he should have been issuing his divisional orders. It is an incoherent, inarticulate cry. But its meaning is clear enough. "Unlearn us this devastating science of Pelmanism, purge our minds of the irrelevant detail with which it has cumbered them: Melmanism to the rescue!" These unhappy folk were not disappointed. "Melmanism," writes one, "has recreated the world for me. It seems but yesterday when I could not go for a walk without noting every white horse which I met, and remarking in particular the angle of its ears to its head. My senses, since taking your inestimable course, are now mercifully sealed against white horses, and opened only to things that matter!" Another had been filled with fluttering hopes by reading Col. Malone, M.P.'s testimonial to Pelmanism, which adjoined the reader to "erect . . . and visualise mentally the goal-posts of this short mortal life. No one can over estimate the benefits of such a course, and if we succeed in erecting a chain of concentric goal-posts, if we can successfully formulate some of the general aims of this life, some broad purpose for existence, much good will have been done." If, he reasoned, Col. Malone can become a Colonel at 27 and an M.P. at 28 without more command of lucidity and English than this sentence argues in its writer, then there was hope for himself. Pel-

manism must, indeed, be a marvellous system, if it could win the prizes of life for a person capable of turning out such muddle-headed clap-trap. This estimate of the Colonel's mental calibre was not shaken by reading a little more of his testimonial: "if we take the human being and analyse it, we can divide it into these broad general divisions, which are (1) Physical; (2) Moral or Intuitional; (3) Intellectual." This deliverance of the soldier-politician-philosopher first puzzled our friend (who had taken a pass degree in philosophy), and then cheered him considerably. That Colonel Malone should couple "moral" and "intuitional" as synonyms—that he should be seemingly unaware that the whole intellectual activity of man is based in the last resort on intuitions (such as the law of contradiction): these things seemed to indicate, no less clearly than the foregoing extract, a very low state of education, if not of intelligence, even for a Colonel. Our friend therefore conceived a very high notion of Pelmanism, and sent for the little grey books, confident that if they could return the Colonel to Parliament, they should at least provide himself with a seat in the War Cabinet. In any case, they would teach him to erect "a chain of concentric goal-posts"—probably, he thought, some engaging parlour-trick. He, like others, discovered too late that the little grey books were no substitute for a little grey matter. His salary was halved, and then halved again. And a month or two later found him at our door, counting with rapt concentration the steps which lead up to it, and muttering something about goal-posts which we cannot print. What Melmanism has since done for him will probably never be told.

But while duly grateful to Pelmanism, which we regard as our ally and, indeed, our recruiting sergeant, candour forces us to call attention to the low grade of its literary sponsors, as compared with our own. The Pelman advertisements aspire no higher than Sir A. Quiller-Couch, while, as we have seen, they sink as low as Colonel Malone. We are not leaving out of account the fact that the Institute can boast of a number of unconscious disciples—Nature's Pelmanists. Chief among these, of course, is Mr. Kipling. "Lest we forget" is the characteristic refrain of Pelmanism; while it is hardly fanciful to read into 'The Absent-minded Beggar' a *cri de cœur*, wrung from one Pelmanist by the mental and material penury of another. There is, again, Thomas Hood, with his

"I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born"

followed by a painfully accurate description of a suburban domestic interior.

There is Mary Coleridge, a reluctant votary of Mr. Ennever, who would fain escape from his toils:

"I, when the cyclamen
Unfolds its buds again,
Rejoice a moment, then
Remember."

It is not the first time that memories have warped a young girl's enjoyment of flowers. But those who claim Christina Rossetti as an unconscious Pelmanist rely too rashly on the opening lines of her famous sonnet:

"Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land."

They have overlooked the sublime Melmanism of its close:

"Better by far you should forget and smile,
Than that you should remember and be sad."

Christina, it may be objected, is a waverer, a Laodicean. Her thoughts are all Pel-mel.

Keats's loyalty to our own school is open to no such imputation, while his standing as a poet is much higher. Melmanism—rich, drowsy, wistful and poignant—breathes in his greatest lines, alike when he craves for a "Morphean Amulet," when he invites sleep to "seal the hushed casket" of his soul, and when he aspires to "Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget." Let Meredith add his testimony to that of Keats:

"Darker grows the valley, more and more forgetting:
So were it with me, if forgetting could be willed;
Teach the grassy hollow that holds the bubbling
well-spring,
Teach it to forget the source that keeps it filled."

These two poets asked for precisely what we would have given—if they could have come to us; the one should have had his amulets; as to the other, we could have convinced him, if not his grassy hollow, that forgetting can be willed. But after all, Shakespeare is the most *acharné* Melmanist of them all. It is in the tragedies that we must seek for Shakespeare's true mind, and their testimony is repayable. Othello is ruined for lack of some narcotic more effective than poppy or mandragora; Macbeth, by the accuracy and liveliness of his wife's memory, which must needs blurt out its guilty secrets even in her sleep; while Hamlet is nothing more nor less than the tragedy—the daily recurring tragedy—of the Pelmanist faced with a practical emergency, and unequal to it. The Prince of Denmark is so bitten with the Pelmanistic habit of jotting down platitudes (such as a "man may smile and smile and be a villain") in his "tablets," that he forgets, until the favourable moment has passed by, the more important business of killing his step-father. But what need to labour the obvious? Our literary champions overwhelm, both in quantity and quality, those of our rivals: and their testimonials are the more effective, because in no case bought.

But after all, Melmanism relies not on testimonials, however cogent, but on its intrinsic merit. The course calls for no exceptional qualities of mind. The stupidest of men may acquire from us the valuable art of forgetting. We have cured the most obstinate cases of long memories. Famous social bores have come to us with tears in their eyes, and stated that now for the first time, when thanks to Melmanism they have forgotten all their anecdotes, are they listened to with patience. Nor are we less touched by the letters of gratitude which we have received from those whom they no longer bore. If tributes have not been forthcoming from all who have taken up the course, it is only because in the case of these defaulters Melmanism has done its work so well that they have forgotten to write.

A wire to Lethe, London, will fetch our booklet by return, and with it a merciful deliverance from the pangs of recollection. Do not miss your chance!

DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN was born in 1631 and died in 1700. His father was the third son of Sir Erasmus Dryden of Canons Ashby in Northamptonshire, and one of the poet's sons succeeded to the grandfather's baronetcy. On the mother's side there was another baronet, Sir Gilbert Pickering (the poet's cousin), who became during the reign of Cromwell a powerful personage. During the parliamentary war Dryden was at Westminster School, and during the first five or six years of the Protectorate he was at Trinity College, Cambridge. The Drydens, like many country gentlemen of that time, were Puritan and Commonwealth men. Dryden was not a man of fixed principles in religion or politics; but then few people were so in his day. Between 1640 and the death of William III. men changed sides frequently; they were "converted by battalions and baptized in platoons"; and Dryden does not seem to have changed oftener than many other gentlemen, who wished to save their persons or their properties. On the death of Oliver Cromwell, it was quite natural that young Dryden, Sir Gilbert Pickering's kinsman, should write the stanzas ending,

"His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest;
His name a great example stands to show
How strangely high endeavours may be blessed
Where piety and valour jointly go."

Three years later (1660) it was equally natural that he should write '*Astrœa Redux*,' and then it was,

"And welcome now, great Monarch, to your own!
Behold the approaching cliffs of Albion."

The truth is Dryden lived by his pen; he had no other means of subsistence; and those who "live to please, must please, to live." His next change of opinions is less pardonable, because religion is one of those subjects on which men are supposed to have—falsely enough, we think—immutable views. In 1682, when Charles was still thought to be in his prime, and rather an indifferentist in religion, Dryden published '*Religio Laici*,' which is a rational defence in good verse of the religion of a Laodicean Churchman, or Deist, as he was then called. In 1687, when James was endeavouring to thrust Papacy on the nation, Dryden, who had become a Roman Catholic the year before, published '*The Hind and the Panther*,' an intolerably long dialogue in heroic couplets between the Churches of England and Rome, to the advantage of the latter. We have never been able to read these two poems with any feeling but impatience. If we are to have religious, or rather, ecclesiastical, arguments, let them be written in prose by theologians whose business it is.

Dryden was the literary monarch who ruled the interval between the age of Shakespeare and Milton and that of Addison, Swift and Pope. Our language, like everything else, was in a state of transition. Dryden is the founder of permanent standard English. About a hundred years after the author's death Charles Fox was silly enough to say he had admitted into his history of James II. no words that were not to be found in Dryden. Whether true or not, Dryden himself would have ridiculed the boast; for of his translation of Chaucer (whose original is intelligible but to a few), he says in his Preface to the Fables, "if the first end of a writer be to be understood, then, as his language grows obsolete, his thoughts must grow obscure. . . . When an ancient word, for its sound and significance deserves to be revived, I have that reasonable veneration for antiquity to restore it. All beyond this is superstition. Words are not like landmarks, so sacred as never to be removed; customs are changed, and even statutes are silently repealed, when the reason ceases for which they were enacted." This is a rebuke to the Drydenites, marked by that common-sense which is the dominant note of everything Dryden wrote in prose and verse. In addition to this quality, so rare in professional men of letters, there is a pure reality about Dryden's mind which makes his writings the best foundation of English style. He has been accused of Latinisms, and, of course, there are many; but there are also Saxonisms, as, for instance, "boyism," which he uses where we should write "puerility." In prose he manages the antithetical sentence better than any other writer, for his antitheses are never pointless, and do not seem forced, while they escape the mechanical ring, which exposed Macaulay to Matthew Arnold's biting criticism, "the air of perpetually hitting the nail on the head without the reality." Dryden's best prose is to be found in the prefaces to his poems, for it has to be admitted that there are *longueurs* in his '*Original and Progress of Satire*,' and in his other essays devoted to what are now called *belles lettres*, that is to say, poetry and literary philosophy, the art of pure literature, which no one has the time or the taste to study nowadays.

Dryden as a poet was, what none of those who write poetry to-day are, a master of metrical technique. For he wrote the heroic couplet, the quatrain (the four-lined decasyllabic stanza with alternate rhymes), and the lyrical ode, with all its changes and irregularity of metre. A great deal of his verse was translation, for the *Æneid*, books of Homer, Ovid, Horace, Juvenal, Persius, Boccaccio, Lucretius, were all translated by him into vigorous and frequently indecent lines. He also wrote plays for nearly twenty years, which were acted at the King's and Duke's theatres, and are the worst of his works, as neither plots nor characters are good. They were "pot-boilers," for Dryden's life, though not quite so squalid as Johnson's and Goldsmith's, was an unending struggle to keep himself and his family in the modest comfort of Gerrard Street. His plays are best forgotten, but for one line in '*The Conquest of Granada*,' which has afforded much mirth to the modern anthropologist, viz.,

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

There is also one passage in 'Aurungzebe' which deserves all its fame, beginning:

"When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat;
Yet fooled with hope, men favour the deceit,
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay;
To-morrow's falser than the former day:
Lies worse, and while it says we shall be blest
With some new joys, cuts off what we possess."

The 'Annus Mirabilis,' the quatrain poem, was written to celebrate the year 1666, in which occurred the Fire, the Plague, and the war with the Dutch. Picturing the new London, rising from the ashes of the old town, Dryden has this stanza on the Thames:

"The silver Thames, her own domestic flood,
Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train,
And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
With longing eyes to meet her face again."

That is an exquisite conceit for the bending reaches of the river. The second Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, known as Alexander's Feast, is the most celebrated of the lyrical odes, and too well known to bear quotation. But Dryden's fame rests on the first part of 'Absalom and Achitophel,' the greatest political satire in our own or any other tongue. It was written at the time of the Exclusion Bill (1681), by which Shaftesbury and the Whigs sought to exclude James Duke of York from the throne, and it deals with the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion. Next to Gray's Elegy, it is probably the most quoted poem in our literature, and contains immortal portraits of Shaftesbury, the second Duke of Buckingham, Titus Oates, Halifax, Ormonde, and other political celebrities. Very many of its lines have passed into common use and are not recognised as quotations, as, "that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing a son," "great wits to madness sure are near allied," "resolv'd to ruin or to rule the State," "usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name," "some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with lies," "for politicians neither love nor hate," "swift of despatch and easy of access," and such couplets as

"The tampering world is subject to this curse
To physic their disease into a worse":

and these,

"Others thought kings an useless heavy load,
Who cost too much and did too little good;
These were for laying honest David by
On principles of pure good husbandry."

Dryden's picture of Buckingham is far better than Pope's, being truer and less spiteful. Dryden had more than Pope's talent for transfixing an enemy in a couplet. Slingsby Bethel, a Puritan and Whig Sheriff of London, was not hospitable, and is thus transmitted to our respect:

"His cooks with long disuse their trade forgot;
Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot."

In a fine image the King is compared to a lion beset with foes:

"The prostrate vulgar passes o'er and spares,
But with a lordly rage his hunters tears."

'The Medal' is another political satire, dedicated to the Whigs. The invective against Shaftesbury is overcharged, but there are some good lines in it about sedition and weak governments:

"The lavish government can give no more;
Yet we repine, and plenty makes us poor."

The preface to 'Absalom and Achitophel' is a good specimen of Dryden's prose. "Tis not my intention to make an apology for my poem: some will think it needs no excuse, and others will receive none. The design, I am sure, is honest; but he who draws his pen for one party must expect to make enemies of the other. For wit and fool are consequents of Whig and Tory; and every man is a knave or an ass to the contrary side. . . . Yet if a poem have a genius, it will force its own reception in the world; for there is a sweetness in good verse, which tickles even while it hurts; and no man can be heartily angry with him who pleases him against his will. The commendation of

adversaries is the greatest triumph of a writer, because it never comes unless extorted." There is an easy flow in Dryden's prose which charms, and the playfulness of his abuse robs it of half its sting, for he realised, what Young said nearly a century later, that "good breeding sends the satire to the heart."

FAMILY SERVANTS.

"WHO will take the part of the servant?" is a sentence from an old play which often occurs to us nowadays, when nobody's servant is everybody's master. While a mob of insolent State parasites disdain that domestic service which the *Times* now meekly terms "assistance," amid the shouts for an "equality" which not only contradicts nature, but demands idleness, in the severance, too, of so many human kindly ties between employers and employed, the memory harks wistfully back to those dear old family servants, a few of whom, uncapturable alike by the new rich and the new poor, still cling to modest households. "I serve" stands still as a princely motto. There was a time when each signed himself the other's "most obedient," and a great firm still announces that commissions will be executed for gentlemen who cannot be present by "their most humble servants." Nay, do we not still affirm in weekly worship that service is perfect freedom? Such, however, is not the freedom of the new democracy, and it is refreshing to turn from its mutinous hubbub to the servitors of a more dignified past.

"Nana" claims precedence, the fond faithful nurse of childhood, the confidante of youth and of age, the friend of all our friends. She came to us when we were quite young, when she was comely with the pathos of a fading beauty, which has never left her. Now she is worn and old, but just as there was a trace of age in her youth, so yet the spirit of youth—for love is ever young—clings to her waning years. All our children—and we the parents may count ourselves among them—always leaned upon her. How she nursed and trained and dosed them, not only with the traditional elixirs, but with a low-church rigour, especially on Sundays, and with those long and rebelled-at walks in the park, which she deemed essential to the health of mind as well as of body! Her friends were ours, especially one who still survives and whom we will call Mrs. J. Mrs. J. is a lady of extreme gentility and of the highest connections in service. Nana first met her at Rome in the palmy days, when she was the young nurse of a Countess's children and Mrs. J. (who still wears her fringe) was the elegant lady's maid of Lady "De Corlee." So cultivated was Mrs. J. that Earl De Corlee used to show her his so-called poems, not always to the satisfaction of his wife. Mrs. J. never ceases her long recollections of travel and the nobility. It was at Rome, too, while she and Nana were admiring the "Coliseme," that Mr. J., a courier, professed first to be dazzled by her youthful charm, which leaves much to the imagination. But Mr. J. has long deserted her, and has become a mysterious myth, only to be mentioned even to Nana with ominous head-shakings. Nana was never present at the wedding, and sometimes we are tempted to fancy that the marital Mr. J. may have been almost as much a fiction as Mrs. Gamp's Mrs. Harris. In the golden summers of long ago, when every August saw us in a country house, you may be sure that we found room for Mrs. J. and the merry laughter of childhood's welcome still echoes in our ears as we came upon Mrs. J. on her arrival seated with Nana under a shady tree, discoursing of the glories of her brilliant niece "Beatee," and her pushing (now rich and ungrateful) nephew "Sidnee." Alas! alas! where is the gladness now? Those two darling, gallant and gifted sons will never return from the great war again. They rest heroically in their soldier-graves far away in the low countries, and our hearts and lives are left lorn and aching. Whenever they returned on leave, their first thought after greeting us was for Nana, and those nursery teas with Nana for châteline were shared by many a brave officer, for they always brought their friends from the earliest days of school to be happy under

Nana's wing. Ichabod! But even in the deeps of poignant sorrow she has taught us all a lesson of dignity and courage, while her eyes were wet and her heart breaking. "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away."

Then there was the loyal old man-servant who is now no more. Unlearned in any wisdom of the socialist board school, he was wise with all the learning of affection and goodwill, and would cheerfully have died for any of us. He had a friendly word for all our visitors, a kindly, living interest in all their concerns, and somehow we always used to imagine an unseen halo round his head—ridiculous, indeed, to the new generation. And the old industrious housemaid to whom a speck of dirt was as much an enemy as the modern, sloppy, insolent, pretentious nomad of a servant would have been to her, and is, in fact, to the human race. We can see her now wiping her hand on her honest apron, whenever we shook it on going away or coming back. And the old cook who ever cared for our comfort and would pamper the children, though somehow, cooks seem to have hearts less warm than any other of the pre-war adherents.

True, old servants had their faults. Their very virtues led them sometimes to presume and even interfere, while the few who became annuitants sometimes looked on their "pension" as a right. But then, as it made them live for ever, who would grudge them this aggressive independence?

Charles Lamb once said, stammering of his cold, when his coughs and sneezes annoyed fellow-travellers, "It was the b-b-best c-c-cold I could c-catch." We whom the old servitor, that loved our friends and hated our enemies, called master and mistress, are now reduced to catching the best household mischief-makers that we can. Willingly would we dispense with them and do our own house-work, could we all be together—as even lately we have speedily and efficiently painted our own house. But true civilisation demands division of labour, for which false democracy substitutes a division of property. And it is fast reducing us to the condition of a primitive savage who clothes and houses and attends to himself alone, while the rest of the world does the same. We have fallen among thieves, but where is the good Samaritan? "Equality" is our portion and quality has passed away. *Requiescat et resurgat.*

GENERAL STUTS AND MR. SHOES.

A DIALOGUE.

THE scene is the deck of a Union Castle liner, Mr. Shoes having decided to recommend to the South Africans a policy of internment of all Dutchmen. He thinks the idea good. In consequence he is standing well forward in the sunlight, looking as much like a Welsh Prime Minister as possible. He has enraptured several female passengers, but the crew being largely composed of Scandinavians are not interested in him.

This is unfortunate, but Mr. Shoes does not care. He knows that all aliens, however disguised, are enemies. If he had his way there would be no aliens, and he feels that in the light of this consideration the war can only be regarded as partially successful.

Like Lord Burleigh, he expresses all this by shaking his head. The ship, however, continues on her course, and there emerges from a hatchway a slight man with a pointed beard and (though this is not immediately obvious) a fourteen-pointed mind, and on the other hand with disappointed eyes. The people whom he passes look after him with interest which does not seem to concern him. It is noticeable that the female admirers of Mr. Shoes draw their lack of skirts closely about them, and this also he doesn't notice. His disappointed eyes are very blue, very level and incredibly truthful. He is also going to South Africa with a campaign, his being to preach the internment of all prejudice. The task is a difficult one, but General Stuts prefers difficult tasks. He catches sight of Mr. Shoes and a slight smile crosses his face. He is apparently accustomed to Welsh premiers. For he begins the conversation with Mr. Shoes, who appears to be think-

ing imperially, by saying with the trace of an accent in his voice:—

Gen. Stuts: "Well, Shoes; looking for a cigar? Here's one I can recommend."

Mr. Shoes (awakening from a trance): What, General Stuts? I am delighted, I didn't know I should have the pleasure of your company. In fact . . .

Gen. Stuts (quietly): In fact, if you'd known, you'd have gone by an earlier boat. However, don't worry, I shan't interfere with your campaign. South Africa needs a hustler. It's been very quiet since poor Rhodes died.

Mr. Shoes: Quiet! Why, there's been at least one rebellion, and the South West campaign, and the Hidden Hand of Holland.

Gen. Stuts: Yes, Shoes. But these were all local affairs. Now you bring the imperial note—the new creed, "Thou shalt hate thy neighbour." We simple Boers want educating. We've been dreaming of a sort of Parliament of mankind. You'll have to teach us how to welcome your sanhedrim of hate.

Mr. Shoes (with quiet firmness): I fancy that I know what I want at any rate. No dreams for me, Stuts. As I used to say to Clemenceau—

Gen. Stuts: When he listened, Shoes.

Mr. Shoes (scorning the interruption): As I used to say to Clemenceau, "No peace which does not permanently antagonize our late enemies (including, if possible, the Japanese) is worthy of the name."

Gen. Stuts: And what did Clemenceau say?

Mr. Shoes: He said that he was doing his best. "Doing your best," I said, "with the League of Nations." What we want," I said, "is a League of Damns." He went off—

Gen. Stuts: Well, never mind, Shoes; you'll get that League all right. But I quite agree with you about dreams.

Mr. Shoes: Quite agree! Why everybody knows, you believe in nothing else! I am not likely to forget your farewell speech about the future of civilization. Civilization! That's one of your dreams, Stuts. We don't have it in Australia.

Gen. Stuts: I know you don't, but that doesn't make it a dream.

Mr. Shoes: Listen here! The world is to the strong. I'm for a strong Empire! Civilization is the excuse that people invent for letting other Empires get strong. If it hadn't been for civilization, there'd never have been a German Empire. Only cowards talk of civilization. I know better.

Gen. Stuts: That's true, Shoes. All the same, I don't believe in dreams either. The difference between us is simply that we're not both awake at the same time. For instance, you think that international conciliation is a dream. I think everybody else is a dream. You think the Empire is a solid fact. I know that it's an unsubstantial dream.

Mr. Shoes: The Empire a dream! You'll be saying it's a nightmare next.

Gen. Stuts: Or a vision, Shoes. D'you think that everything can be measured and coloured red, like the maps and the Bolsheviks? Or don't you think that it's possible that the most real things of all can't be weighed in scales or quoted on the Stock Exchange? And that perhaps the difference between the German and British Empire was that the first was defeated because it existed in fact, and the second conquered because it only existed in a vision? And isn't it possible that there's another vision, which will be as potent as the vision of the British Empire, and even more beautiful, the vision of the Empire of the World? And that that vision will defeat all other Empires, though the Empires invented explosives that made T.N.T. child's crackers and airships that made Zeppelins a toy? Isn't it true in the end that nothing is real except dreams, and that the Kingdom of Heaven is a dream come true? But where are you off to?

Mr. Shoes: I'm going to write up the first speech of my campaign. I want to warn you that, after what you've said, I've altered my cry. It was "Intern all Dutchmen."

Gen. Stuts: Well?

Mr. Shoes: I've added, "And Boers."

ODES TO THE ODIOS.

To an Infant who was Troubled with Nausea in my
Railway Carriage.

I was in a crowded third,
So, alas, were you.
*J'aime les enfants tendrement,
Mais pas vous.*
On your mother's knee you lay,
Blinking eyes of blue;
*Moi, je lisais Rabelais;
Tout-à-coup.*
Up I glanced and saw you smile,
As the angels do;
*Mais vous n'étiez pas un ange,
Pas du tout,*
*Parce qu'il me faut brûler
Mon nouveau surtout.*
*J'aime les enfants tendrement,
Mais pas vous.*

E. W. F.

CORRESPONDENCE

WATER AS A TEMPERANCE DRINK.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—What your correspondent, E. S. P. H., said last week about the superiority of pure water as a temperance drink is very true. But I never cease to wonder at the carelessness and indifference of the water companies and the municipal authorities as to the hardness of the water they supply. The water drunk in Kent and Sussex is very hard, being full of lime from the chalk beds, whence the supply is drawn. Thames water is not so hard as the Kent and Sussex water, but it is not so soft as it might be. Malvern and Tunbridge Wells are the two places of resort known to me which have the softest water. In Scotland, especially in the Highlands, the water is generally very soft, being drawn from the peaty mountain streams. But in England, owing to the chalky soil, it is nearly always hard.

This hard water, full of lime, is said to be good for young children, as contributing to bone. It is certainly not good for adults, for it contributes more than anything else to dyspepsia. Not only is hard water unpleasant for washing, and particularly for shaving, but it makes the food cooked in it, especially tea, most indigestible. People say, don't drink hard water! But you can't escape it in the preparation of food. What am I driving at, seeing that the hardness of the water is due to the white cliffs of Albion, and the chalky soil of Kent and Sussex? We can't change our chalk beds to soothe dyspeptics. No, truly. But science can make hard water soft; and it is most important that our water companies and local authorities should adopt some of the well-known methods of softening the water they supply. For I am convinced that most of the political and industrial troubles, which afflict us, arise from dyspepsia. Hard water and careless cooking are answerable for a great deal of suffering and ill-humour. The softening of our water and the teaching of cookery would do more than teetotalism or legislation about wages and hours to restore England to its cheerfulness, and to destroy class hatred.

Yours truly,
M. D.

LORD FRENCH'S '1914.'

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your review of Lord French's book, on the 5th July, you state: "He has told us that the Germans had already begun their retreat to the Aisne before the Battle of the Marne opened."

Now, as this is likely to lead to some misunderstanding of the movements of the armies in the field during August and September, 1914, will you permit me to make certain observations?

During the forenoon of 5th September, General Joffre issued to all army-commanders the following memorandum: "The dispositions anticipated by my memorandum issued to you on 25th August having now been effected, the hour has arrived to advance at all costs and to die on your positions rather than to retire."

To understand, therefore, what was passing through the Commander-in-Chief's mind, it is necessary to refer to his memorandum of the 25th August, which runs as follows: "It having become impossible to carry out the design of the offensive which we had contemplated, subsequent operations will be framed with a view to reassembling a mass of troops on our left; this will be effected by a concentration of the 4th, the 5th, the British armies and a new force made up of divisions withdrawn from the Eastern zone; this mass of troops will be in a position to resume the offensive, while other armies (the 1st, 2nd and 3rd) hold the enemy so as to gain sufficient time."

This makes it quite clear that the Commander-in-Chief was contemplating a counter-offensive during the retreat from Charleroi and Mons, and that on the 5th September he reckoned the time was ripe for his attack.

Joffre had wished to resume his offensive on about the 29th August—immediately after the French success at Guise—but Field-Marshal French considered that his troops could not hold their ground on that date.

From these remarks it will be seen that the Battle of the Marne may be said to have begun on the 5th.

Now, on the 4th September, General Gallieni reported: "According to my information, the whole 1st German Army (von Klück's) is slipping away to the South East." The situation, then, by the 5th, was as follows: von Klück's army had changed direction on the 3rd of September and was attempting to outflank the left wing of the 5th French army (d'Espérey's); and, by the morning of the 5th, von der Marwitz's Cavalry Corps, the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 9th German Corps had crossed the Marne, while only the 4th Reserve Corps, consisting of 40,000 men under von Schwerin, remained on the right bank of the Marne in order to cover von Klück's right flank.

In the afternoon of the 5th September, General Joffre ordered General Mannoury, commanding the 6th French Army, made up of divisions withdrawn from the Eastern zone, to cross the Ourcq and attack von Schwerin.

At 14 o'clock on 5th September, accordingly, General Mannoury's troops came in contact with the enemy at Monthyon, and Penchard, Marcilly and Chambry were stormed.

Von Schwerin, feeling the pressure, called for assistance, whereupon von Klück, realising that he was in a scrape, recalled the 2nd and 4th Corps to reinforce von Schwerin: it was the withdrawal of these two corps from Field Marshal French's front which gave him the impression that the German retreat had begun. But this was by no means a general retreat. On the contrary, the Germans maintained their offensive throughout the 6th, the 10th Corps hurling itself upon the junction between the 5th Army (d'Espérey's) and the 9th (Foch's).

It was not until the 7th September that von Bülow's right commenced falling back, this flank having become exposed through the withdrawal of corps by von Klück for von Schwerin's assistance. It was not until the 8th that the 3rd French Corps stormed the historic position at Montmirail, where 7,000 German dead were left on the field.

Even on the 8th September, von Klück resumed the offensive, by two desperate assaults on Mannoury's army at Nanteuil and at Etrépilly: Nanteuil fell, but Etrépilly was held. The situation at Nanteuil was critical, but the French rallying behind the town made a stubborn defence and General Boëlle, counter-attacking with the 103rd French Infantry, forced von Klück to retire.

It was on the evening of the 9th only that von Klück, "with heavy heart," as a German narrative relates, gave the order for a general retreat to the north.

It is very difficult to obtain a view in proper perspective of the rapidly changing situations during the months of August and September.

Who, for instance, in England has appreciated the tremendous influence on the general situation of the smashing blows delivered by Castelnau, with his 2nd French Army, against the Germans on the *Grand Couronné de Nancy* during August?

The most surprising truths revealed in Lord French's book are the figures of the casualties during the first Battle of Ypres. In proportion to numbers engaged, the losses are astonishingly small: British troops at Waterloo and at Albuera suffered heavier casualties in a few hours than the First British Corps at Ypres during October, November and December.

I rather wonder why the SATURDAY REVIEW has not called attention to the mis-spelling of the word *moral*—meaning fighting spirit—in Lord French's book.

Le moral of the Prussian army was usually magnificent; whereas, *la morale*—the morals—of the Kaiser's soldiers was often detestable.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

HERVEY DE MONTMORENCY.

34, Clifton Hill, N.W.

OUR PRESENT DISCONTENTS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In February that well-known agricultural official Sir Henry Rew read a paper before the Farmers' Club in praise of the Corn Production Act, but in the course of the discussion which followed he admitted that, if men got better wages, the employers were justified in expecting better work.

Unfortunately, as you point out in your columns, the result of higher wages and shorter hours has been, in too many cases, directly the opposite of what we all hoped and many of us expected; and, instead of the output per man per hour being increased, there is a distinct tendency to a lessening of output in a given time, while there is a steadily increasing demand for still higher wages.

Strangely enough, the fact is rarely recognised that the fewer hours people work, the more leisure time they have, and that leisure time means spending time. Thus, if men worked six hours a day only, as Lord Leverhulme thinks possible, they would need about 3s. an hour in order to give them not merely a "living wage," but a "leisure wage" as well. Going further, if men worked an hour a day only—which is the great ambition of some of us—they would demand 20s. an hour, in order to enable them to fill up the rest of the day amusingly, since for many people the art of life consists in killing time with a greater or smaller expenditure of cash.

This is sad, but it is not surprising, when we remember that most hand-labour is tiresome, and much of it is monotonous, and that "the appetite comes by eating." Formerly the handworker expected to work through the day, and he was unduly irked by having to do so, but now that the "labouring classes" have become the "leisured classes" the claims of amusement and more or less expensive relaxation make the toiler desire to see less and less of the factory, or the mill, or the coal-mine, as the case may be. The result will be that all commodities will be worse in quality and higher in price, and that a vast number of the second and third-rate workers will be out of employment, since, now that we cannot fit the wage to the man, we shall have to fit the man to the wage, and let the weakling stand down. Speaking for myself, I would gladly employ twenty more men on estate work, but wages are so high and rents so low that enterprise would be a blunder, and so "we must wait and see."

It is understood that Mr. Lloyd George condemns the theories of the old economists as false. Well, their deductions may sometimes have been wrong; but in the main their views were founded upon the consideration of facts, while those of the Prime Minister are based upon considerations of faction. Of business, of the production and exchange of goods, that is, he knows very little indeed, but in the art of exploiting popular

ignorance and popular prejudice for political purposes he is *facile princeps*. Financially he is the most dangerous man in the kingdom, since he sympathises with those legerdemaniacs who seek by juggling with words and facts to persuade us and themselves that our liabilities may be turned into assets. In national finance it is not the liability to pay, but the ability and the willingness, which really matter.

Mr. Lloyd George tells us that we must fight against materialism and cultivate spirituality. This is undoubtedly sound advice, but it is unfortunate that a man who owes his political success largely to the promotion of class feeling—to use the mildest expression—should not have thought of it sooner. It may be that the burning of Luton Town Hall is the signal for the millennium, but, if so, then the New Heaven and the New Earth so confidently promised will prove to be merely a modernised version of Hell.

Yours faithfully,

C. F. RYDER.

Scarcroft, Near Leeds, 21st July, 1919.

THE JURY AND THE NORTHCLIFFE PRESS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It is the fashion nowadays to sneer at trial by jury; and owing to the impatience of the citizen under the discharge of this primary civic duty, it has been abolished in all but murder, divorce and libel cases. The verdict of the jury, who gave Lord Newton £5,000 damages and costs against the *Daily Mail* shows the value of this mode of trial, and the reason why Englishmen should still cling to it as the palladium of their liberty. For had Newton v. the *Daily Mail* been tried by a judge without a jury, I doubt whether the plaintiff would have got any damages or a merely nominal sum. I say so, partly from the summing-up of Lord Reading, and partly from a knowledge of judges. All judges, or most of them, with very rare exceptions, are afraid of the Press, and sensitive to its attacks. A judge sitting alone would have been thinking all the time what the Northcliffe Press would say about him, if he gave Lord Newton swingeing damages. But the jury—that is the beauty of it—is composed of twelve men, whose names are unknown, and who, if they were known, can snap their fingers at the Polypapist.

Yours faithfully,

PENIALINUS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The damages awarded to Lord Newton against the *Daily Mail* ought to put an end to the apparently sincere belief of a certain class of politicians in the mysterious and despotic power exercised by the Northcliffe Press over public opinion. The attitude of these politicians and their journalistic supporters has always reminded me of the story of the Scotch village idiot who, when asked how he was, replied that he was pretty well, but was "sair held down by the bubbly-jock." The poor fellow was living, he imagined, in a state of subjection to the turkey-cock.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

IGNOTUS.

July 21st, 1919.

THE TAXICAB SHORTAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—You do not make it quite clear if the paragraphs you number in your leading article 'London Taxicabs' are all *definitely official* proposals or not. Most of them seem eminently sensible, even if they tend to over-emphasise the duties of the driver as against his rights.

May I point out one important omission. It is that the present *prohibition* of whistling for cabs be continued.

The war has shown that this whistling nuisance was quite unnecessary, for taxis have been used practically to their maximum extent and hotels and places of amusement have been fuller than ever and the clubs scarcely less so.

When I used to have rooms not far from St. James's Theatre, night and the wee sma' hours were made hideous by this constant whistling for cabs. It may be urged that those who live in the St. James's district must take the consequences, but the nuisance is not restricted to clubland and theatreland. I was once staying with friends in a block of flats not far from Prince's Gate. My host and I were sitting up late one night when at 12.45 whistling started in the roadway below. Looking out of the window we saw the night porter busily blowing his whistle for a taxi on behalf of two individuals in full panoply of evening dress and cigars. The whistling was *kept up* for over *half an hour*, i.e., until past 1.15 a.m. It is the most brazen example of thoughtless selfishness I have ever witnessed—rendered all the worse by the fact that there was a telephone on the premises by which the "roystersers" could have rung up the nearest or any other cab-rank.

My experience is probably that of many of your readers, but all this would be obviated in the future by the maintenance of the present regulation. Do you not agree?

Yours, etc.,
TOURNEBROCHE.

P.S.—I can thoroughly endorse your remarks about the Viennese taxi-cabs. Their luxurious comfort was well tested on my last visit there along the roads, very badly in need of repair, near the Staatsbahnhof, whither I was dashing at full speed to catch the train for Buda Pest on my way to the Carpathians. I caught it with a minute to spare without being bruised as would have been my lot in a Paris taxi.

OECOPHYLLA—A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Let him that writeth heed lest he fall into the error he condemns in others. Alas! a misprint, intruding after the proof was passed into the review of the 'Annals of the Philosophical Club,' has made me correct Dr. Bonney's *Oecophylla* to *Oecophylia*. The true spelling, as I wrote it and passed it, is *Oecophylla*; for it is an ant that builds its house in the leaves of a plant. In the case mentioned it is in the coffee plant, and the nests are double the size of a man's fist. The ants catch a small spider and use it to cover the nest with a web. They then keep the spider captive in a separate room of the house, feed it, and bring it out to repair or renew the external web, when necessary. If only one could get a house-painter on such terms!

I am, Sir,
YOUR REVIEWER.

OFFICIAL ESPERANTO.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Last Monday I passed one of those aerodrome establishments which have woken up the quiet countryside, kept a male and female army more or less busy, and made sudden contractors expand into motor-car owners. Restraining my admiration for the got-rich-quick, I inquired in a Socratic spirit into the education of a W.R.A.F., and learnt that in the winter it was likely to include Esperanto. This is the first I have heard of official recognition of that bastard dialect. Why is not French, the language of our Allies, taught instead? Has Esperanto received an International blessing as an inevitable means of communication? Is it the future tongue of the League of Nations? If not, what's the use of it? For myself, I should prefer Pigeon English, which has already a considerable currency in our far-flung Empire. But what's the matter with French? Nothing, perhaps, except that it is a particularly clear and logical language; and officialism cherishes obscurity and muddling.

Yours faithfully,
CANTAB.

REVIEWS

THE SCOT IN LITERATURE.

Scottish Literature: Character and Influence. By G. Gregory Smith. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.

THE treaty of Union between the kingdoms of England and Scotland—the charter of the land henceforth to be called Great Britain—was not so much of an epoch in the history of Scottish literature. Scottish writers in prose and verse were more affected by the accession of James VI. to the throne of England—an event which turned the royal author himself away from the language of his 'Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie' (1585), to that of his 'Counterblaste to Tobacco' (1604). As, e.g., "This forme of repetition sometyme usit decoris the verse very mekle" (Scots, 1585); and "What honour or policie can moove us to imitate the barbarous and beastlie manners of the wilde, godlesse and slavish Indians, especially in so vile and stinking a custome?" (English, 1604). There is the turning of the ways, a century before the Union; there Scottish literature ceases to be Scots, and becomes English written by Scotchmen. Drummond of Hawthornden writes English verse and prose, with traces here and there of his northern speech. English thenceforth is the language of Scotland for printed books. But the spoken language remains, and the spoken language in a curious way returns to the printed page—by way of a joke, a series of jokes, and by way of the popular songs. There is more vernacular Scots in Drummond's burlesque Latin poem 'Polemio-Middinia,' than in his sonnets or madrigals or prose history of Scotland. The native language which had been disqualified for solemn discourse or poetry, was taken up—frequently for humorous rhymes. Sometimes an antiquarian or philological interest helped. The old comic poem of 'Christ's Kirk on the Green,' was published at Oxford along with Drummond's macaronic 'Midden-Fight' before the end of the 17th century. It put ideas into people's heads, later, and with Allan Ramsay the revival of Scottish verse was accomplished. He succeeded in all possible ways; in songs and satire and regard for the old Scottish "makers" and their poetical works—"wrote by the Ingenious before 1600," as the title of his 'Evergreen' expresses it. And so the tradition was founded and went on to Fergusson, and Burns, and their followers at the present day.

Professor Gregory Smith, after long study in the older Scottish poetry (not to speak of other fields) has written a little book to say what he thinks about the whole story. He does not keep to the Northern language; his Scottish literature includes what is written by Scots; Thomson's 'Seasons' is Scottish literature; so are the works of Ossian; the last chapter on Scott says nothing at all of his Scotch conversations, nothing about the idiom of Edie Ochiltree or David Deans. The author has taken his own way and has succeeded, not in persuading all his readers that he is always right, but in holding their attention. It is an entertaining book; not always easy. It will be a good exercising ground for young German philologists, when they return to their former games and their expositions of English authors. We should like to see them producing a commentary on Professor Gregory Smith, "it not too much trouble to themselves." Will they understand that "Gregorian farce" (p. 51) is an elegant mode of allusion, not to the author himself, but to the dramatic works of Lady Gregory? We quote a sentence where the conceit has real substance in it, a better example of the author's manner: "*Orpheus Caledonius* by looking back has been denied his *Eurydice*." There is serious work for the scholiast here; for this is a summary of a long argument.

The description of Burns's language and his variations from English to the vernacular (p. 147) adds something to an essay on 'Burns the Bilingual,' in this REVIEW, February 8th, 1902; republished in the volume of 'Otia,' by Armine Thomas Kent. The

conclusion of that essay might have added something to Professor Gregory Smith's estimate of Burns. "Let those who may chance to be versed better in our history than our poetry turn to the dialect squib called 'The Dream,' with its vivid portraiture of personages of the Georgian Court. That Burns, alternating between Edinburgh and the plough tail, should have written a London satire so tellingly intimate is not the least wonderful thing in a wonderful record."

Here the miracle is understated, for when Burns had his vision of the Court in 1784, he as yet knew nothing more of Edinburgh than of London. Not that Edinburgh could have helped him to any clearer view of society and politics. "He was a Pittite," as Sir Walter Scott observes; and the Edinburgh Whigs with whom he consorted rather spoilt his judgment and flattened his spirit. However that may be, Burns's London satire remains to be considered by Professor Gregory Smith, who is too much inclined to take the conventional view of Burns as "born in the time of revolution." "Yet no revolutionary," he adds, detaching himself from half of the fallacy; but why should Burns be reckoned so born? Whereabouts was revolution in 1759?

The book offers no end of points where debate might start, not only among the author's countrymen, but in South Britain as well, or in Ireland, where the author has his chair. How, for example, shall we take his scepticism about hereditary Celtic elements in Scottish literature, when compared with his theory of distinctive Scottish race in Thomson's 'Seasons'? Can we accept his idea of "the Scot" (in the abstract) as exhibited here in several pages?

These remarks are not meant for carping; only to show how this very lively argument may lead to more. For carping we have little opportunity, but we may note that the late Francisque Michel is oddly hyphenated as Francisque-Michel, and that, while Drummond is more than once presented (unnamed) as "the author of *Cypresse Grove*," Burns is nowhere allowed to figure as "the immortal exciseman born North of the Tweed." No more; the book is full of life, and of challenges, and will, we hope, draw many readers.

THE GREEK VIEW OF THE BALKANS.

Greece Before The Conference. By Polybius. With an Introduction by T. P. O'Connor, M.P. Methuen. 5s. net.

THIS book is, as its name implies, a statement of the case put by M. Venizelos at Paris in support of the Greek claims in regard to Macedonia, Thrace, Northern Epirus, the Dodecanese and the western coast of Asia Minor. The presentation by Polybius of the evidence for these far-reaching claims, though not in any way strengthened by Mr. O'Connor's florid Introduction, is extremely able. It is, however, entirely *ex parte*, and both atrocities and statistics of population are subject to a special Balkan discount. Judgment cannot be passed until we have before us the replies of the other parties interested.

The outstanding fact of the Balkan situation is the utter inadequacy of such "principles" as that of self-determination. Over all the disputed areas different races and religions are inextricably mingled: Greeks, Turks, Bulgarians, Serbians, Albanians; Orthodox and Catholic Christianity and Mohammedanism. Self-determination means an anarchy of small, independent and mutually hostile communities. Applied on a larger scale, it simply breaks down in the face of inconveniently placed minorities. Such minorities have to be placed under alien rule. The course is practicable, but it involves a general compromise of interests and a mutual toleration which are very difficult for the Balkan civilizations to attain. If it remains as impossible as it has hitherto proved to get the statesmen of the various peoples round a table and agree upon a compromise which they are both able and willing to induce their followers to abide by, the fate of the Balkans must be that of being exploited by an outside nation with the military and economic strength to enforce order and provide capital. One of the few follies the Paris Con-

ference has not committed is the re-creation of an independent "State" out of the barbarous tribesmen of Albania. Before the war, Germany was working through Austria towards a hegemony over the Peninsula similar to that secured by France over Morocco, and by the United States over Central America. The feeling over the Slav peoples was directed against this Germanizing policy by the propaganda and the diplomatic support of Russia. The conflict of Teuton and Slav throughout East-Central Europe came to a head in the Balkans and was the most important cause of the war. Now that, for the time at any rate, Germany has fallen out of the race, Italy, Jugo-Slavia, and Greece desire her heritage. Italy's claims are staked out in Dalmatia, Albania, and Asia Minor. In Dalmatia they conflict with those of Jugo-Slavia, in Albania and Asia Minor with those of Greece. Similarly, the claims of Greece conflict with Bulgarian demands in Macedonia, Thrace, and for an outlet to the Aegean. A consideration of the arguments marshalled by Polybius suggests that the Greek case against Italy and Turkey is far stronger than that against Bulgaria. There seems no valid reason, for instance, why the Greek merchants of Asia Minor or the Greek islanders of the Dodecanese should live under Italian rule. But the handing over of the Bulgarian *hinterland* to the Greeks would ensure neither a permanent settlement nor the peaceful development of the Peninsula. In regard to Macedonia, we believe it is generally admitted by impartial judges that the majority of the inhabitants of the disputed areas are neither Serb nor Greek, but Bulgarian. The polite references of Polybius to the Balkan League are not rendered convincing either by his manner or by recent Balkan history. We would suggest to him that the wisdom of the concessions to Bulgaria formerly proposed by M. Venizelos is not out-of-date. The giving-up of the Aegean coast from and including Enos to Kavalla would in the end pay Greece better than having in common with Jugo-Slavia to face the hostile combination of Bulgaria and Italy.

THREE HUMORISTS.

The Hohenzollerns in America. By Stephen Leacock. Lane. 5s. net.

Quote the Raven. By E. V. L. and G. M. Methuen. 1s. 3d. net.

WE have tried hard not to let any political prejudice affect our judgment in the matter of Mr. Leacock on the one hand and E. V. L. and G. M., on the other. Moreover, we came to the reading of both with an equal sense of gratitude for past illumination. Mr. Leacock had in earlier works dealt as unsparingly and decisively with the shams and rottenness of his continent as had E. V. L. and G. M. with those of theirs. Therefore when we reach the conclusion that Mr. Leacock has fatally injured his reputation by this work, just as E. V. L. and G. M. have enhanced theirs, we hope and believe that we are not misled by any prejudice.

Indeed the contrary should be the case. For our particular quarrel with Mr. Leacock arises from his treatment of the ex-Kaiser. In the days when Wilhelm, in shining armour on a white charger, excited in equal measure the plaudits of the Northcliffe Press and the London crowd, we regarded him with fear and loathing. The fear sprang from a sense of the terrible power for evil vested in the last of the Cæsars, and the loathing from the sense of Prussian world-taint of which he was the irresponsible emblem. Having some knowledge of Prussia, we did not share the shocked astonishment of England when outrage after outrage revealed what a militarist tradition regards as the commonplace of war. But we lost the puny figure of Wilhelm as the storm swept over him. He was a sort of knocker on the front door of Hell. Our business was to clean out Hell. Afterwards we would think, if necessary, of substituting along with more effective doors a simpler knocker.

Mr. Leacock, on the other hand, appears to think that Wilhelm was the war, and that by subjecting his

tragic effete person to saloon-bar buffoonery he has in some way mortified militarism. This attitude appears to us to be only one degree less offensive than that which attempts to invest this particular Prussian with the romance and pity due to fallen kingship. The latter attitude is the natural, indeed, inevitable, revulsion from the vulgarities of the "Hang the Kaiser" group. These people have nearly succeeded in presenting Prussia with the invaluable boon of a Prince Charlie over the border. But those who weigh the issues are not deceived. There is no romance in the fallen play-actor, no human appeal. Wilhelm is blown away into the shadows, having no power upon the hour, and the dead years, like dead leaves, swirl over the place of him.

Why, then, should Mr. Leacock take him out of the darkness to make him a steerage passenger to America? Why thus describe him? "His eyes seem watery and wandering and his little withered arm so pathetic. Is it possible he was always really like that?" and, again, "I heard Uncle say, 'Let wine be brought: I am faint'; someone else said, 'Yes, let it,' and there arose a big shout of laughter." We confess that it is difficult to share the amusement caused by Wilhelm's withered arm, or even to laugh heartily when Wilhelm cries in a storm, "Henry, brother Henry, keep them (the drowned) back. Don't let them drag me down. I never willed it." Nor are we profoundly tickled by the detailed description of the subsequent stages of the imbecility of the ex-Emperor who ends as a hawker in the streets of some American city, vending badges which he believes to be Orders of Chivalry. Shakespeare, it will be remembered, described the madness of a fallen king, but the fool did not laugh at Lear in an unkindly spirit. Mr. Leacock is no fool, but he thinks it is not unworthy to laugh at this other wretched king. We prefer the fool, and if we had our way, we would award one of the Orders of Chivalry from the lunatic's tray to Mr. Leacock. It would be an apt recognition. Let us only add that we believe the English realize that Fate has taken the punishment of the ex-Kaiser out of human hands. Neither tears nor laughter is in place. Something greater than either has settled this affair.

E. V. L. and G. M., on the other hand, with all their old relentless certainty, attack and do something to destroy some of the malicious shams to which the war has given shape and power. Their great merit, moreover, is that their whip has no prejudices. Folly wherever it appears and worse than folly, whether of politicians, press or profiteers, are equally and with flashing brilliance castigated. Above all do E. V. L. and G. M. deal with the profiteer and those unwearied in (or, as they wittily prefer, "by") war-work. Where so many thrusts reach the heart, it is difficult to choose. We think, however, that the two pictures, 'An Active Couple' and 'A Pioneer' will serve as illustrations. We cannot, unhappily, reproduce the ineffable business man whose face, as drawn by G. M., lets us understand what a Briton can do when war contracts are about, nor can we offer our readers the face which the *Daily Mirror* photographer takes for granted in all his snapshots of the war-worker. But we can quote the "caption."

"AN ACTIVE COUPLE."

"Sir Horace Hooper, M.P., whose powerful article, 'Could our enemies be human?' appears in next week's *Sunday Pictorial*. Sir Horace answers the question with a most positive negative. His niece drives officers to and from restaurants in a Rolls-Royce."

"A PIONEER."

"Miss Lucy Barber, of Bush Hill Park, whose aunt, Mrs. Hunnabell, was first on the local margarine queue last Monday. Her belief in Lord Northcliffe as a war-winner is profound."

As for the Press, E. V. L. and G. M. waste on Mr. Bottomley and the Northcliffe organs a wealth of subtle satire which, though it charm the *intelligentsia*, cannot, we fear, affect those whose skins have been so fully protected by mother nature. Still, these news items

may possibly stir emotion even in Printing House Square:—

"The *Daily Mail*, as 'the paper that gets Things done,' warns the Government that an army will be necessary."

"The *Times* reluctantly, but without ambiguity, calls attention to the incapacity of everyone. The *Daily Mail* demands the internment of all Anglo-Saxons."

"Lord Northcliffe's Birthday Honours List:—Mr. Lovat Fraser raised to Peerage as 'Lord Cippenham,' C.B. for Commander-in-Chief."

But the great charm of 'Quoth the Raven' is that the satire is not confined to prominent persons. It is true that Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill and Lord Reading are the subject of brilliant, but always impersonal railing. Thus we think that Mr. Lloyd George's battle cry, "This war, like the next war, is a war to end war," has a quality which the Premier will himself relish, though the news item, "Prime Minister refuses to attend House of Commons for the reason that he might give information to the enemy," might not seem to him quite so funny. And even if he resented the pre-Armistice note,

"War won several times over by America, by Lord Northcliffe, and by Welsh Wizard, and with trifling assistance from Army and Navy," he might perhaps enjoy the General Election item,

"Mr. Lloyd George endeavours to prove the possibility of A1 Cabinet, composed of C3 men."

We wish, for his sake and that of the "Society for seeing that Everyone Else is doing something," we could quote more. We think, however, we have quoted enough to show that the best bargain in England is to be had for 1s. 3d. Not so bad when a pair of boots costs £3. 10s.

A NOTABLE INVENTOR.

George Westinghouse. By Francis E. Leupp. Murray. 15s. net.

AMERICAN captains of industry are wonderful people, especially when, as in George Westinghouse's case, they combine the inventor with the organiser. He was the son of a farmer and maker of agricultural instruments, evidently a clever man in his way, at a village in Schoharie County, New York. His schoolmasters could make little of him, since, when he should have been studying Greek or French, he was making pencil drawings on his wristbands; and, put to his father's works, he proved a desultory pupil. His brain was busy with plans for a rotary engine, an idea which haunted it during the whole of his life, and for an automatic brake, to prevent the appalling number of railway accidents. A magazine article on the Mont Cenis tunnel that caught his eye fired his imagination, since it taught him that compressed air would supply the motive power for the brake. He promptly filed his patent, but his prudent father declined assistance, and Cornelius Vanderbilt shook a decisive head. In Ralph Baggaley of Pittsburg, however, he discovered a youthful projector as sanguine as himself, and in 1869 the Westinghouse brake had a successful trial on the Panhandle Railway.

Such were the beginnings of the famous air brake with which, and with his automatic railway signal, Westinghouse's name is chiefly associated. It needed a wonderful amount of pertinacity to make the new thing prevail, even in America, and, as his biographer admits, the brake was started before it was really perfect. In this country, if Mr. Leupp is to be believed, he met at first with nothing but blank obstruction. We get long conversations with Dredge, the editor of *Engineering*, who took up the line that he would not advocate the brake until its efficacy had been shown. We get the refusal of company after company to permit any such experiment, though Westinghouse pressed them hard. The origins of these conversations is not indicated, and as we are told that Westinghouse kept no diary, the presumption must be that they are free renderings of his reminiscences in after days. It is conceivable, there-

fore, that Mr. Leupp exaggerates the denseness of the British intellect, especially when we discover that within some twelve years—dates are not his strong point—fourteen lines had adopted the Westinghouse brake. The plain fact of the matter, we believe, is that the hostile companies were satisfied with their own brakes, which they considered to be better suited to their gradients. The final stroke came with the invasion of Trafford Park. That was undeniably a triumph for American methods, since it taught the world that British workmen could be hustled, if taken the right way.

Railway contrivances by no means exhausted Westinghouse's inventive genius. We get an animated account of his boring for natural gas on his grounds at Pittsburg, and of the alarming results that ensued, when he tapped the formation. For a while Pittsburg became a clean town, but with the exhaustion of the wells close at hand it would appear that its traditional soot is returning. Westinghouse, too, was a pioneer in electrical research, and fought fierce battles with Edison over the respective advantages of the alternating and continuous currents. The two men were at frequent issue in the courts of law in the matter of patents, and Mr. Leupp has a good story to tell of how Westinghouse outwitted Edison through an unguarded remark that fell from the lips of one of his opponent's counsel on the New York elevated railway. Fish, another of the Edison lawyers, was that very day in Pittsburg, it seemed, and Westinghouse took care that his own representative should be in court to meet him. So the World's Fair at Chicago was lighted by Westinghouse plant. There followed that huge undertaking, the harnessing of Niagara. To the last the mind of Westinghouse was ardently at work, and when a dying man he designed an invalid chair with electricity for its motive power.

George Westinghouse, as portrayed by Mr. Leupp, was unmistakably a fine character. He behaved with much generosity to the electricians in his employ, to Frank H. Taylor, for example, and the well-known Nikola Tesla. "He is one of those few men," wrote Tesla, "who conscientiously respect intellectual property, and who acquire the right to use inventions by fair and equitable means." In spite of his dictatorial manner, he was popular with his workmen, and could get them to stick to the bench for days together, with no intervals for meals, and scanty hours for sleep. His intellect moved on wasteful lines, and he would sometimes persist in experiments that he knew to be foredoomed to failure, claiming that after all they had taught him something. But it was in finance that his weakness lay. With vast schemes floating before his vision, he had not enough money for current expenses, borrowing succeeded borrowing, and then "reconstructions." The crash came in 1907. "I shall have a new job for you to-morrow," he laconically remarked to his vice-president. "What is that?" "Receiver of the Electric Company." Next morning he was shouting, "By the way, Macfarland, I've got an idea now for our turbine that will make a sensation when it comes out!" In the end the indomitable creature found himself excluded from the management of a concern which he had founded some twenty years previously and which had always held the supreme place in his heart. "Well, gentlemen," was his comment, "this only compels me to do something else." The poverty of his materials considered, for Westinghouse was not the sort of man to write home letters, Mr. Leupp has achieved an uncommonly interesting record of a big being.

THE ENGLISH GIRL IN FRANCE.

The Sword of Deborah. By F. Tennyson Jesse. Heinemann. 3s. net.

MISS JESSE'S title is ingeniously chosen, but we doubt if it can be considered strictly accurate, either in the Biblical or the Shakespearian application. Deborah and Jeanne d'Arc, if not actual combatants, were alike actual commanders, whereas neither fighting nor strategy falls within the province of the Women's Army in France. But this is a trifle which

in no way detracts from the value of these "First-hand Impressions," which were "written at the request of the Ministry of Information in March of 1918," the author's inspection, if so it may be called, coinciding, as we see, with the most critical period of the war. Those who, like the reviewer, have been accustomed to encounter criticism on the supposed imperfections of Waacs and V.A.D.s at home with the argument, "They are all right at the Front," will be delighted, though not surprised, to find themselves fully corroborated by the testimony of an eye-witness. For every reason, it was naturally the best specimens from each class who were found capable of service in the conditions of greatest trial and danger; and that the English girl at her best takes a good deal of beating is a fact which many of us have long known. What we could not, perhaps, have been expected to realise is that wonderful fund of reserve power, moral, mental and physical, which has been brought to light by demands undreamed of in the past.

Miss Jesse has condescended to meet the now obsolete "war-baby" scare with the crushing counter-evidence of statistics. She is profoundly impressed by the British soldier's attitude towards his female auxiliary. This again will surprise no one who has ever made an honest attempt to see the Englishman as he really is. For some minds, however, as she aptly observes, the surprise of the thing will always be "not that women can work with men, but that they can work together"; and she quotes the opinion of a (male) official, "that if the war hadn't done anything else, at least it had killed that irritating masculine gag." She has some shrewdly humorous remarks on the value of uniform as symbolising the distinction between professional and amateur, and its consequent inspiring influence on women workers, with one exception only. Neither the nursing profession, nor its distinctive dress finds favour, we gather, in her eyes. It is a striking proof of the importance to which this profession has in the last fifty years attained, that its members, like clergymen and doctors, while invariably resorted to as a very present help in trouble, should have become recognised objects for derision in hours of ease. But to suggest that we should revert to that system of "love taught" nursing which Florence Nightingale regarded as roughly equivalent to manslaughter, is surely carrying pleasantry beyond its orthodox limits.

Nothing more different from the ordinary report than this little volume can well be imagined; and in the pleasure of reading it we are unconscious of also fulfilling a duty.

CHASTENING AND CHASTISEMENT.

Suffering, Punishment, and Atonement. By Ernest W. Johnson. Macmillan. 5s. net.

THE man, lost in a wilderness, who on espying a gibbet exclaimed, "Thank God, I am at last in a Christian land," was quite right. A flabby age needs to be reminded that a land where there was neither gaol nor gibbet would be one in which there was either complete fear, or no fear, of God. Even Byron speaks of "man's wrath" as "the delegated voice of Heaven." On the other hand, Mr. Bernard Shaw says that he does not believe that anyone should be punished for anything, but merely restrained or secluded. The school of Bentham and Beccaria held that there is no such thing as desert—at any rate, on the Liberal showing, the Law has nothing to do with men's deservings—but nevertheless upheld punishment as a deterrent, an artificially applied motive. Bentham described his "Panopticon" as a mill for grinding rogues honest and idle men industrious. It was Lombroso who in modern times popularized the idea of punishment as remedial and reformatory. Not, however, in the mediæval Christian sense of being "pro salute animæ," and aiming at an inward change of heart, but rather for the sake of the community, and by an external application to counteract heredity, environment and outward circumstance generally. Bret Harte hit off the point of view in his "Sensation Novels" parody of 'Les Misérables'—we quote from memory:—

"Why did Jean Valjean steal the bishop's spoons?"

"Because he had been in prison."

"Who put Jean Valjean in prison?"

"Society put him in prison."

"Who is Society?"

"You and I are Society."

"My friend, you and I stole the bishop's spoons."

Grotius taught that punishment is not retribution (*quia peccatum est*) but prevention (*ne peccetur*). Christianity, however, has always maintained its retributive, as well as curative and deterrent, character, for (apart from atoning sacrifice) what a man sows, that shall he also reap. Punishment is primarily the vindication of God's law of righteousness. With nature, on the other hand, there are no penalties, but only consequences.

Mr. Johnson pronounces against any merely retributive use of punishment, which must always have some forward-looking and corrective aim. Certainly it is so usually, but can we say always? Are the penalties of wilful sin to cease the moment the sinner is pronounced incorrigible? Punishment, Mr. Johnson observes, cannot destroy ill will and change it to good will. Then why punish at all, except for prevention? Elsewhere he remarks that punishment, though it began in the instinct of retaliation, "is with reflective self-conscious beings bound up with the highest ideal men have formed for the future." Probably he could explain that there is no contradiction, but the thread of his argument, though thoughtful, is not very easy to follow. The theme of his book, however, is one about which many just now are thinking, and they may turn with profit to these pages.

ROBIN HOOD UP-TO-DATE.

The Philanthropic Burglar. By Rita. Odham. 3s. net.

WE do not remember whether the versatile lady known to novel readers as "Rita" has made any previous essays in that school of fiction which, like some cinema films, aims at investing burglary with a halo of romance and heroism. In the present instance she shows, as usual, considerable inventive power; but to our mind has hampered herself unnecessarily by following that convention which requires that both the Holmes and the Watson of philanthropic burglary should belong to the more criminal sex. It is natural that Mrs. Humphreys should wish to deal with themes such as ladies' clubs and beauty doctors, which must be presumed to give the woman novelist an advantage. But it would surely have been advisable to do so by introducing a *bonâ fide* female accomplice rather than that clumsy device—a travestied male. Among the stories here presented to us we give our preference to 'The Christian Scientist,' wherein old-fashioned virtue, fortified by modern assurance, scores a really satisfactory triumph.

THE BACKBONE OF THE NATION.

Love Lane. By J. C. Snaith. Collins. 7s. net.

MR. SNAITH, like many other novelists, has taken for his theme the changes in character and destiny produced by the war in the various members of a commonplace British family. Its head, Josiah Munt, ex-publican and mayor of his native town, adds to the usual virtues and deficiencies of the self-made man a perhaps unusual passion for playing the domestic tyrant. Two out of his three daughters are in turn disowned and disinherited by him; one for an imprudent marriage; the other for window-smashing and its consequent "six weeks."

Both these differences are reconciled by the war. Josiah's feckless son-in-law acquires character and reputation under military discipline. His wife, supported by her father's forgiveness (which assumes a very practical form), develops an hereditary business talent and achieves success in the green-grocery line. The suffragette by her exploits as a motor-driver at the Front reflects great honour and glory on her now appreciative kindred.

There is an underplot, dealing with the Mayoress and a sister who excites her jealousy by "deputising" rather too efficiently at social functions. The love-interest is represented by a hint of a possible alliance between the chauffeuse and a blinded soldier; and perhaps in a wider sense by the development of the green-grocer's feelings towards her regenerate husband. The story, as a whole, keeps us well entertained, and makes a pleasant appeal to our sympathies.

A CAMBRIDGE GHOST.

A College Mystery. By A. P. Baker. Heffer, Cambridge. 3s. 6d. net.

RECENTLY, at Christ's College, Cambridge, the scene of Mr. Baker's story, undergraduates, we believe, turned out to see the ghost he presents with reasons for its appearance. This is a tribute to his leisurely and matter-of-fact method of narration, which has its attraction after the hurried excitement of most modern tales of mystery. Mr. Baker's story is assisted by pictures and a convincing display of local detail, and is told from the point of view of other people besides the chief sufferer and actor. He recovers for the reader the solid, and, as it seems now, excessively solemn style of a past age. The main theme on which his ghost is built is the rivalry of two men, the one, erratic and brilliant, perpetually crossing the path and thwarting the success of a sounder and steadier man, not only in academic life, but also in love. We read on with complacency, but no excessive interest, to find that, at the end the author has a revelation for us which puts the situation in quite a different light. It would not be fair to reveal this clever reversal of sympathies, which was a genuine surprise to a hardened reader of mystery stories.

Mr. Baker has a sense of character, and should try his skill on a larger canvas. We can hardly judge from his present effort, which depends so much on local verisimilitude, whether he can succeed with an ordinary story. But his writing shows promise.

FICTION IN BRIEF

'A WOMAN OF ACTION,' by Paul Trent (Ward Lock, 6s. net). Viva and Neal are twins left with a great house and no income. The house is let to Tyne, a West African magnate, a very rough diamond. Neil goes off to West Africa to make his fortune and is killed. Viva suspects Tyne of the murder, and marries him for revenge. She then goes on the stage, while Tyne returns to Africa, is wounded, and his wife comes to nurse him. Paul Trent has written much less silly books than this.

'WIDGEE, ADVENTURES IN THE WILD AUSTRALIAN BUSH,' by Stanley Kingsmill (Westall, 6s. net.), is a book for boys, giving in a very realistic way an account of what life in the bush offers in the way of natural history and sport. Its illustrations by Lieut. Chas. Bryant are well in keeping with the general character of the book.

'FISHPRINGLE,' by Horace A. Vachell (Murray, 2s. net.), is a reissue in cheap form of this story, which owes its popularity to the play of the same name. We can commend the tale but not the writing of it.

'ACROSS THE STREAM,' by E. F. Benson (Murray, 7s. net), is an ordinary story of the girl with two strings to her bow, with a very good supernatural incident or two superposed. In consequence, the story is lengthened at the beginning to include the hero's childhood. This is far and away the best part of the book. The first appearance of the child's susceptibility to psychic influences is

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well indicated, and the growth of the intercourse with his dead brother's spirit is described with much skill. Later in life, the powers of evil take advantage of the craving for intercourse with the unseen, and a catastrophe is only prevented at the very last moment. The first half of the book is excellent, the second mediocre; but the warning against encouraging susceptibility of this sort is useful, whether we share Mr. Benson's belief or no.

'THE AVALANCHE,' by Gertrude Atherton (Murray, 6s. net.), is a well-told, but rather slight story of the mystery which came near wrecking the domestic peace of Price Ruyler, one of the leading merchants of San Francisco after the fire. He had married for love a beautiful woman of whom he knew little or nothing beyond the origin of her mother's family. The working out of the mystery is very cleverly done, and the only clue to its solution is given by the illustrated wrapper, which will reach comparatively few of the book's readers.

'THE YUKON TRAIL,' by William MacLeod Raine (Jarrold, 7s. net.), is a story of the days when Alaska was beginning to settle down to civilisation after the first orgy of shooting and gold-hunting. Might still made right, and might was here represented by a successful mining magnate, who only needed Government support to open out the country and was prepared to do anything to stop the mouth of the official who was sent to report on the situation. When this official fell in love with the same girl as the mining magnate things became warm, but the right man came out a winner, and the magnate was suitably consoled. The story is alive from start to finish.

'A NIGHT SURPRISE,' by Florence Warden (Ward Lock, 6s. net.), is a murder story, the secret of which is given away by the author by a little too much emphasis in the earlier chapters. Otherwise, it is very well covered up. Lady Susan Rotherham is murdered one afternoon while her husband, with whom she has violently quarrelled, is in the garden outside her room. Colonel Rotherham is suspected of the crime, but not arrested, partly owing to the unsolicited good offices of a neighbour, Sir Lionel Jones, whose son is in love with the Colonel's daughter. The story is told in the author's best manner.

'CAROLYN OF THE CORNERS,' by Ruth Belmore Endicott (Jarrold, 7s. net.), is an "uplift" story of American origin and sentiment, meant, we should imagine, for a children's book. From this point of view it is harmless and even entertaining. Carolyn is a small girl, supposed to be left an orphan, who regenerates the life of her guardian and his neighbours by teaching them to "look up."

'THE LOVE LESSON,' by E. Martyn Clarke (Arrowsmith, Bristol, 6s. net.). A young lady, brought up on a solitary farm in South Africa—"an elegant, polished, savage"—is suddenly thrown into English life under the care of her aunt, who is assisted by an old friend in her education. A slight but pleasant love story follows, chequered by the inevitable lady from the past, whose advances are repulsed by the virtuous hero. The story is "high-toned," but not unpleasing and quite well written.

'STAIRS OF SAND,' by Farren Le Breton (Long, 7s. net.), is the story of the matrimonial adventures of Lois Bailey, a type-writer, "a tall, slim girl, twenty-nine years of age." She marries Julian Le Marchand for his money, but unlike Lamiel, with her "Comment! ce n'est que ça?" she is disgusted with marriage. One of her husband's friends, however, in his absence, changes her mind on the matter, and the rest of the book is taken up with the unworthiness of the lover, the worthiness of the husband—who becomes blind—and their subsequent reconciliation.

'THE BASKING PEAR,' by James Blyth (Long, 7s. net.), gets its title from a well-known line of Browning's. The lady is Mrs. Amanda Greatorex, and the action takes place in the country house of Sir Benjamin Beckham in the Fen country. Harry is in love with the basking pear, Hugh has come down to save him from her clutches; Amanda falls in love with Hugh, and comes to his bedroom, is repulsed—really these heroes must keep their bedroom doors locked at night—and the party is broken up by the suicide of another guest. One thing that makes Mr. Blyth's books tolerable is his love for the Fen country. His descriptions of its scenery are sometimes admirable.

'THE KING'S INCOGNITO,' by William Le Queux (Odhams, 6s. net.), introduces us once more to those select circles in society where English ladies of high rank act as international spies, gentlemen in the pay of the Foreign Office bilk their club bills and attempt to assassinate visitors to their friends' houses, bankers of the highest repute pawn other people's securities with Jew money-lenders, and auditors, discovering the fact, postpone their audit for a fortnight. Add to this anarchists, detectives, and casual meetings with Kings at the Ritz, and you have this "romance of a royal court."

'ROBIN THE PRODIGAL,' by May Wynne (Jarrold, 7s. net.), is "a gallant romance of the days of Daniel Defoe." A good part of the gallantry is that shown by the author in her attempts at verisimilitude. The method of cutting off an entail by merely signing a deed is, of course, a well-known piece of novelist's law, but the fatuity of the Jacobite party in their choice of agents is a libel even on the proverbial stupidity of Englishmen. The book is at its best when it leaves history altogether and wanders into pure romance.

'THE DARK STAR,' by Robert W. Chambers (Appletons, 6s. 6d. net.), is professionally interesting to a critic, as showing what a writer of experience will burden his story with to impress the American public. The balderdash about Erlik, the dark star—"What spectroscopy is to horoscope, destiny is to chance," is a fair specimen of it—and the brass god with something rattling inside it through the story that never comes out, are pure overloading to a rattling good sensational story.

'THE DARK LADY,' by Alfred E. Carey (Long, 7s. net.), is a quite good story of the last days of Elizabeth told round the adventures of Kit Champenoun. The "dark lady" is the dark lady of the sonnets, but she plays little part in the book, probably much less than the author intended when he introduced her. Her place is taken by Sir Walter Raleigh with much advantage to the tale and its readers. Mr. Carey can tell a story and carry his readers with him, and if his style lacks flexibility, it is a fault that can be amended by practice. At present, he is about halfway between Henty and Kingsley as a historical novelist.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

PHILIPS' PICTORIAL POCKET ATLAS AND GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD. G. Philip & Son. 2s. 6d. net. Atlases have a way of being heavy and clumsy, ill-fitted for a position in any ordinary shelf. The one before us is a dumpy little affair, easily handled, but somewhat too small to be satisfactory. The crown octavo size is the one we prefer for an ordinary atlas, which can then take its place among other books of reference. Messrs. Philip have done all that could be expected in so small a book, but the numerous details which must occur in any atlas are somewhat confused on such a scale, and nothing would induce us to read the diminutive print of the 'Descriptive Gazetteer,' if there was any other means of getting the information it contains. The pages which contain typical scenes in countries are surely superfluous. There is a large illustrated press—to say nothing of geographical films shown on the cinematograph—which shows such things as seals, the Lick Observatory and the Hudson River. By taking various sections of countries as much is done as can be expected from the small scale. Thus we find a general map of Australia, which takes two pages, another of South-East Australia, and two more of Western Australia and Queensland respectively. The pages concerned with various statistical details from "Natural Revenues of the World," to "Cotton" and "Wood," give the figures in a vivid way. But we wonder how long any of them will remain approximately correct after the world-wide disruption of the war.

Does anyone, we ask, want to put an atlas of the world in his pocket? An atlas of the Counties of England would be a different matter, and might be very useful to the traveller.

MY HOUSE IN THE WORLD. By James Guthrie. With ten drawings by the author. Heath Cranton. 5s. net. Mr. Guthrie is, we gather, a mystic and more concerned with his mental experiences than with the incidents of outward life. He seeks the one in the many; in a great city he would pass as a spectator rather than "one having the same business and blindness as the rest." He hunts for clues to the final beauty, and hardly knows the exact shape of what he seeks. He explains that "we know more than we can fashion words to, and at last they must bear more than their meaning if they would reflect our whole mind and give up its secret hints and sagacious intuitions. If this be not so, by what sense do we determine the related wonder's lapse from wonder?"

Like other hermits, he has grown in love with his own style, and he has elaborated it until it has become worse than Stevenson's—a mosaic of affected words that seem to demand admiration by being above the ordinary. Why use "familiarity" instead of "familiarity"? Many of his sentences are wilfully obscure. He has an ardent, impressionable mind, open to discovery, so some day, we hope, he will discover the vernacular, the use of which belongs to many great styles. He knows the beauty of the child's vision and mind; but he has nothing of the child's language. With his elaborate adjectives and alliterations, he seems to be saying things because he says them so well, not because they are worth saying in themselves. The world has need to be told that its getting and spending and hurrying "leave us in the end no further than we were," and we think that Mr. Guthrie has a message. But it has not much chance of a wide acceptance in its present form. The quest for the high ultimate vision—that is how Mr. Guthrie remembering his Stevenson might put it—does not demand so many fine and unexpected words. We commend to him the maxim of John Hay: "Speak with the speech of the world: think with the thoughts of a few."

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The current number of the 'REVUE DES DEUX MONDES' contains the first part of the memoirs of M. Isvolsky, a most important contribution to our knowledge of the Russia of 1905-1914; while 'THE GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL' is especially valuable for an account of Poland by Miss Czaplicka dealing with the question of boundaries and population historically.

The fourth and fifth numbers of 'THE SHELDONIAN SERIES' (Blackwell, 5s. net) are much improved by the addition of short notes, biographical or textual. Greene's 'Groatworth of Wit, bought with a million of repentance,' is well suited for this series. Without being a masterpiece, it has a literary value of its own, quite apart from its interest as possibly referring to Shakespeare in "his tyger's head, wrapt in a player's hide . . . in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country." The 'Coplas de Jorge Maurique, with H. W. Longfellow's Rendering,' has caused a certain amount of trouble to the editor, as Longfellow's text was a bad one, too bad to be printed at this time of day. The difficulty has been adequately met by amendments, and we hope the success of this will encourage the production of other bi-lingual texts. The typography of the series still maintains its high character, and the books are a marvel of cheapness.

PIONEERS OF PROGRESS: MEN OF SCIENCE. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY. By D. H. Peacock. S.P.C.K. 2s. net. We are glad to see a little life of Priestley, one of the eighteenth-century men of science who really advanced the subject by his discoveries, though his theories were wrong and his methods were casual. But Priestley was unusually accomplished for a man of science. He was well educated in his youth and became a protagonist of Nonconformity and a religious and political philosopher. He is mainly remembered now as a fertile experimenter in science, though that was his hobby, and this side of him Mr. Peacock treats with expert skill. His revolutionary opinions led to his being nicknamed "Gunpowder Priestley"; but he had an excellent temper, and his views and his treatment are judiciously explained by Mr. Peacock. He is rightly credited with "nobility and courage"; but he had something more than that, if we may judge from the memoirs of the times: he had charm. He was always fond of teaching, and encouraged his students to write verses in order to improve their prose—an idea which, we think, has something in it. Altogether he was an accomplished thinker and experimenter and a thorough Englishman. For, in spite of the persecution which forced him out of the country into America, he refused to be professor of chemistry in the University of Philadelphia, and he never became a naturalised American. His English friends were numerous and distinguished; but we cannot say that we are particularly grateful to him for suggesting to Bentham that fallacious maxim "the greatest happiness of the greatest number."

'A SHORT ITALIAN DICTIONARY. VOL. II. ENGLISH-ITALIAN,' by Alfred Hoare (Cambridge University Press, 7s. 6d. net), is a worthy completion of an invaluable book. The volume is meant principally for the English student of Italian, and therefore is less extended than its predecessor, but it is entirely adequate. We can only repeat our hearty recommendation of the first volume and our thanks to the author for his aid to the study of the language.



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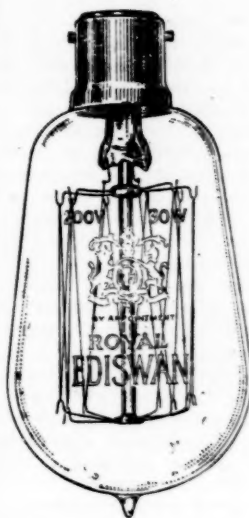
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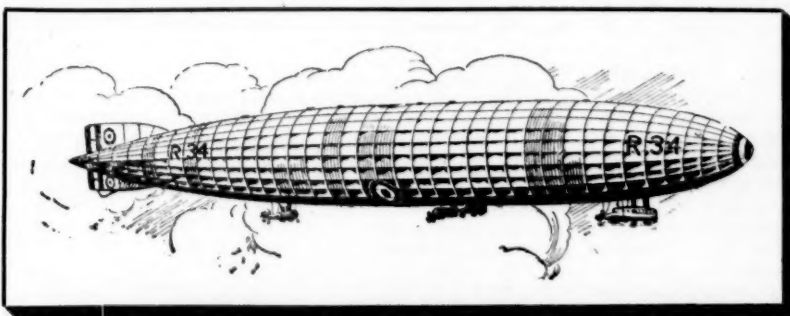
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TRANSVAAL AND RHODESIAN ESTATES H.E. PROPRIETARY (NEW), LTD

Presiding on the 18th inst. in London at the annual general meeting of the Transvaal and Rhodesian Estates, Limited, Mr. F. H. Hamilton, the chairman, said that the reduction of the nominal value of the shares from 5s. to 3s. had now been effected, and the year's expenses were about £1,000 higher, principally through charges connected with this reduction of capital. The revenue was smaller than in the preceding year as an effect of war conditions and, in particular, the influenza epidemic. Having regard to the circumstances, they might congratulate themselves upon the substantial profit. At the Fred Mine the difficulties were great, but it was satisfactory that the cost of mining and milling had decreased by 6d. per ton and development by 2d., due largely to the electrification of the plant. The most encouraging feature was development. In spite of difficulties the ore reserves had increased by 100,000 tons, and within the last few days the reef had been struck on the ninth level. The mine continued to look well. In Nigeria they had a 30 per cent. interest in a silver-lead deposit which might prove to be of great importance. They had also an interest in the Hawkes group of properties, which had been very favourably reported upon and had just commenced production. The output is expected to reach at least 20 tons per month, which should ensure a handsome return. They had also under option for shares a large area of tin-bearing ground near the Kwall property. The board expected within the next few months to have sufficient information to determine definitely their policy in the important Nigerian field. During the year, they had investigated more closely their properties in Trinidad, of which one was producing sufficient oil to pay expenses in the island. To increase production deeper boring would be necessary, and on their freehold properties of 1,200 acres they were advised to put down two boreholes at a cost of £25,000. As to the surface rights, a local valuer attached an eventual value of \$294,000 to 700 acres when well drained and planted with cocoa and cocoa-nuts. Their ranching and land interests in Rhodesia were promising, and their town stands in Salisbury, Bulawayo, and Johannesburg benefited by the increase in real estate values.

In South Africa the improvement in conditions in the very near future would probably be marked and rapid. How far was this Company prepared to take the utmost advantage of such a change? It was true that their position was thoroughly sound, and that the revenue in the absence of another war or epidemic should show a considerable increase on last year. It was equally true, however, that there was no margin for any considerable capital expenditure, and that if they were to benefit to the full extent of their existing assets such expenditure was absolutely necessary. Thus in Trinidad they were advised to put down two boreholes at a cost of £25,000 and to spend certain money on developing their freehold ground. The first proposition was speculative, but the indications were promising, and the reward, if successful, a rich one. The other proposition meant a certain and steady accretion of value. They were, however, not now prepared to contemplate the £40,000 or £50,000 of expenditure which would be involved. They had valuable interests in Nigeria, including a large interest in what might prove to be a deposit of the first order of magnitude and importance. They owned a large area in Rhodesia upon which expenditure was necessary if they were to develop or sell it to the best advantage, and they owned one-fifth of the town-area of the Rhodesian capital.

Finally, it had to be remembered that of their existing revenue the greater part came from one source—the Fred Mine. Fortunately, the mine was looking better than it ever did, but gold mines—even good ones like the Fred—were apt to show sudden variations in their developments, and, as had been seen during the past year, all sorts of factors might interfere with production. Disappointment at the absence of a dividend was natural, and was shared by the directors. True they could pay a dividend. They had made sufficient profit and had sufficient cash in hand, but it could not be done wisely, or even safely. It was clear that a larger margin of resources and more adequate reserves were required to justify the distribution of profits earned without starving and crippling the existing interests, and leaving the company with an altogether insufficient margin for contingencies. In view of all this, the board had considered carefully the desirability of raising fresh capital, and had come to the conclusion, in principle, that it should be done. They had provisionally prepared a scheme which included the offer of shares *pro rata* to shareholders and a right to underwrite, and the support of substantial guarantors had been promised. At the proper time these proposals would be submitted to the shareholders for approval.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, and the usual formal business transacted.

THE ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the H. E. Proprietary (New), Ltd., was held on the 21st inst., at Salisbury House, London Wall, London, E.C., Mr. F. H. Hamilton, chairman of the company, presiding.

The Chairman, in the course of his speech, said: The accounts show that the net surplus for the year has amounted to £7,770 9s. 3d. Our present accounts cover a period of 12 months, as against a period of 14 months of our last accounts. Reducing the figures of that period for the sake of comparison to a 12 monthly period, and leaving out the refund of income tax which was included in the previous accounts but forms no part of the regular revenue, it will be seen that our present year's net results show an increase of about £1,000 over the results of the previous year. We do not consider this by any means as representing the earning capacity of the company in normal times, as special circumstances have contributed during the last year to keep our revenue below what we should consider that of an average year. Our income is derived from two sources—first, from dividends received from our revenue-earning subsidiaries, chiefly the Piccadilly Hotel and St. James's Court, and, secondly, from profits made through realisation of assets. The first source of income we may regard as a regular one. The second is obviously dependent upon a number of factors for which war conditions, with their many difficulties in every direction and the legislative restrictions as regards the issue of capital, have not been a favourable period. The income from dividends from subsidiaries would have been larger had it not been for the fact that the boards of both the Piccadilly Hotel and St. James's Court have followed a conservative policy of distribution of profits. The outlook for both concerns is, I think, a distinctly hopeful one. Hotel business in London is likely to receive a great stimulus after the return of peace conditions and upon the revival of internal travel. Coming now to our assets which have not yet reached the producing stage, we have had, as I said before, to deal with a good many difficulties created by war conditions. They have caused vexatious delays, but we can now look forward to their gradual disappearance. Take, for instance, New Lisbon-Berlyn. When the war broke out the company, after some years of development work on the pyritic ore bodies, had opened up an ore reserve of over 100,000 tons, representing an assay value of £183,000 in gold, copper, and silver, and could reasonably rely on a continuance of the horizontal ore bodies in the hill for very long distances. We were then on the point of concluding an agreement with the company which would have secured for the New Lisbon-Berlyn Company the additional working capital required to provide for a new reduction plant. The war stopped all this, and the Treasury regulations, only recently somewhat relaxed, have not permitted the company to proceed with the contemplated reorganisation. This, will, however, be revived as soon as possible. Before it can be done it will be wise to await the formal announcement of the decision that gold mines are free to realise their gold in the best markets, and one will also have to see whether the cost of new plant and machinery will come down from the giddy heights which they have reached at present. When the reorganisation is taken in hand we hope to be able to enlist active financial co-operation in South Africa. The principle of associating other companies or groups with us in the development of our enterprises has been followed by us for some years past. It is obviously of considerable advantage, and, acting on these lines, we have granted a working option to an important London group over the Ovoca copper and sulphur mines in Ireland, in which we hold one half interest. An investment in regard to which I think a great deal will be heard in the future, if the politicians permit, is the Channel Steel Company, in which we hold some £23,000 in preferred shares at £1 each and about 129,000 deferred shares of 1s. each. The Channel Steel Company, apart from their coal interests near Dover, controls practically the entire known iron deposits in the south of Kent between Folkestone and Deal. The chief and most important asset comprised in the item in our balance-sheet under the heading "Claims and investments in various mining properties" is the freehold of the farm Klippoortje, on the Eastern Rand, near Johannesburg. I discussed the prospects of this property at some length at our last meeting, and gave you our reasons why we not only think but feel confident that this property contains the same reefs as those worked by the Sub Nigel mine, and is likely to prove of great value. We are separated from the Sub Nigel property by one farm only, namely, Maraisdrift, the property of the Rhodesia Exploration Company, Ltd., and the Union and Rhodesian Trust, Limited. We have entered into an arrangement with these two companies, which has the object of "pooling," so to speak, our respective investments. This arrangement has many advantages. You will have gathered, I hope, from my remarks, that the review of the past year offers solid ground for congratulation, especially having regard to the conditions that obtained throughout the whole period. South Africa, where many of our investments lie, has for obvious reasons not offered many opportunities for development. It is possible that a further period of waiting may lie immediately ahead of us, but there is sound reason to hope that it will not be prolonged. It is, we understand, now definitely arranged that the South African gold will be sold in the best market. That is a decision of great and far-reaching importance to the South African gold industry.

I now move that the directors' report and statement of accounts be received and adopted.

Mr. A. J. Secretan seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

THE CITY

COAL AND THE MARKETS—REPAYING TEMPORARY
GOVERNMENT BORROWING—VICTORY LOANS RESULT—
TRADE ANXIETY AND SPECULATION.

Again the Stock Exchange has experienced the advantages of the prohibition of open speculation. In pre-war conditions, with contango accounts open, the industrial crisis that is threatened by the coal-miners' strike would have provoked a slump in the markets. But when speculators are obliged to pay for their shares they are slow to take alarm and do not hastily throw out their holdings. Consequently prices are holding fairly well in the face of a grave situation.

Last week's Revenue statement showed a welcome improvement in the financial position. The receipts included £164,000,000 from the Victory Loans and the resumption of Treasury bill sales provided £89,271,000 against £47,925,000 of bill which matured during the week. The result was that the Treasury was able to repay £206,350,000 of Ways and Means Advances, reducing the net amount from £930,467,000 to £724,117,000. The net reduction of the floating debt during the week was £165,000,000, the total now being £1,395,894,000, of which £669,777,000 is in Treasury bills.

By comparison with this floating debt, the Victory Loan was not a success, though it was hardly a disappointment. The actual cash result is £445,000,000, of which, Mr. Chamberlain has indicated, about £230,000,000 will be required to meet the current year's Budget deficit. The conversions amounted to the meagre total of £169,000,000, or about one-tenth of the National War Bonds which were capable of conversion. The cash subscriptions amount to a nominal sum of £539,000,000, which, with the conversions, makes £708,000,000 as the full nominal total of the new loans. Of this, £329,000,000 is in Victory Bonds and £379,000,000 in Funding Loan. The greater popularity of the Funding Loan is remarkable in view of the bias of the Loan advertisements for the Victory Bonds. Apparently the prospect of having bonds (costing 85) repaid at 100 per cent. did not make irresistible appeal to the majority of investors, and there is no doubt that but for the exceptional Death Duties privilege attaching to the Victory Bonds there would have been a larger subscription to the Funding Loan at 80.

It has been argued that the 15 per cent. bonus by drawings of Victory Bonds represented practically a "premium" with certain advantages added. If that be so, the response does not confirm the opinions of the advocates of "premium bonds" as to their attractions. In point of fact, however, the true premium bond gives very big prizes to a few subscribers which the other subscribers have to provide.

Since the Loan lists closed, new capital issues have been run out at such a pace that one wonders how long the public will be able to keep up with them. There is a large amount of money now available for speculative investment—that is to say investment with a prospect of capital appreciation—which in normal circumstances would be employed in trade. In present conditions of labour, and prices and supplies of commodities, manufacturers and traders in many branches of business are standing aside anxiously awaiting the time when they can enter into business with some sense of security. Meanwhile, not wishing to have their money absolutely idle, they buy stocks and shares which show chances of appreciation. Speculative profits of this nature are not accessible to income tax, whereas profits made in their legitimate business are subject to income tax and excess profits duty. There is a chance of a loss both in the stocks and shares and in the legitimate business, but the profits in the former are more acceptable because they do not come normally within the purview of the tax collector. So, until trade conditions become more attractive it seems probable that the demand for speculative investment will continue.

With labour conditions unfavourable in this country, it is to be expected that securities which are not directly subject to political unrest will receive attention. Among these are Oil shares (with Shells as the leader), land and development undertakings (such as the Niger Company, for example), while gold mining shares should receive a fillip when definite news is forthcoming of the arrangements made to give the gold producers a fair market price for their commodity and diamond shares are strong. Much better views are now taken of the situation in the Argentine, and if the embargo on the export of capital were removed there is little doubt that American securities would find a ready sale on this side. For that reason the embargo will probably remain, for it can hardly be expected that the Treasury will facilitate the export of capital into, say, United States' public utility companies when money is required for the same purposes at home.

On the other hand, as Mr. C. Birch Crisp has pointed out, until the London market is reopened to foreign States this country's exports will be handicapped. The creation of sterling credits in London will enable overseas consumers to buy our products, and the placing of foreign issues in London, provided that it is stipulated that the proceeds, or the bulk of them, are expended in Great Britain, cannot fail to augment British trade. It is right that export of capital should be avoided where it would be inimical to British trade interests; but latitude should be given to financial arrangements which will tend to stimulate production.

The Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa Company is going to extend its sphere of operations. As a preliminary thereto it is ridding its title of its geographical limitation and is, in fact, forming itself into a new company with wider powers and more up-to-date articles of association. The company already has many interests outside South Africa, but the directors state that they are constantly refusing remunerative business because it is beyond the scope of their articles. In these circumstances it is surely time to make a change.

At the annual meeting of H.E. Proprietary, Ltd., the chairman (Mr. F. H. Hamilton) made a guarded, but encouraging, reference to dividend prospects. He would make no promise as regards the coming twelve months because the board would not pay dividends until they had an adequate margin for contingencies; but the improvement in the company's position was such that it should not be a very long period before regular distributions would be justified.

By the reduction of the nominal value of its shares from 5s. to 3s. each, the Transvaal and Rhodesian Estates, Ltd., adjusted its capital last year to a basis which gives the balance-sheet a healthy appearance. The capital now stands at £429,004, and, in generally unfavourable circumstances, a profit of £17,845 was earned. The company has large mining and land interests in the Transvaal, Rhodesia, Nigeria and Trinidad. The development of these properties will involve further expenditure and the directors are preparing to raise fresh capital by a scheme which includes the offer of new shares to shareholders, who will also be given an opportunity to participate in the underwriting. The proposals will be submitted in due course after the necessary sanction of the Treasury has been obtained.

New York cablegrams indicate that the fall in London-New York exchange is causing more anxiety on the other side of the Atlantic than here. Which is as it should be. The effect of the lower exchange value of the dollar is that Britain (and France too, for that matter) must pay more for imports from America or go without. Unfortunately some of the imports are essentials; but there is a large volume of luxuries coming across the water which could be done without. The Americans may not like to see their exports reduced; but if exchange is to be supported let the Americans do it. There is no need for the British Treasury to help them.

The Subscription List will close on or before Wednesday, the 30th day of July, 1919.

British Dyestuffs Corporation Limited

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1908 to 1917).

AUTHORISED SHARE CAPITAL: £10,000,000 in Shares of £1 each.

	Preference.	Preferred Ordinary.	Deferred Ordinary.
Subscribed by H.M. Government ...	850,000	850,000	...
Issued to the Vendors as fully paid ...	756,481	727,281	980,044
Now offered for Subscription ...	2,500,000	2,500,000	—
Unissued	393,519	422,719	19,956
	<u>4,500,000</u>	<u>4,500,000</u>	<u>1,000,000</u>

The profits of the Company available for distribution will be applied in the following order of priority:—

- (i) In payment of 7 per cent. per annum on the Preference Shares.
 - (ii) In payment of 8 per cent. per annum on the Preferred Ordinary Shares.
 - (iii) In payment of 8 per cent. per annum on the Deferred Ordinary Shares.
 - (iv) In payment of further dividends at equal rates on the Preferred Ordinary and Deferred Ordinary Shares.
- The above dividends are non-cumulative.

The London Joint City & Midland Bank Limited, and The Manchester & Liverpool District Banking Co., Limited. are authorised as Bankers to the Coy. to receive applications at their Head Offices and at all of their Branches for

2,500,000 SEVEN PER CENT. PREFERENCE SHARES OF £1 EACH
AND
2,500,000 PREFERRED ORDINARY SHARES OF £1 EACH } **AT PAR.**

payable as follows:—

- 1s. 0d. per Share on Application.
- 5s. 0d. per Share on Allotment.
- 7s. 0d. per Share on 8th October, 1919.
- 7s. 0d. per Share on 7th January, 1920.

£1 0s. 0d.

Payment in full may be made on Allotment or on the 8th day of October, 1919, in which case interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum will be allowed on the amount paid in advance of due date. The Shares now offered will rank for dividend according to the due dates of the amounts payable in respect thereof commencing with the date of allotment.

Directors.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD MOULTON, P.C., K.C.B., G.B.E., F.R.S., 57, Onslow Square, London, S.W. Chairman. } Directors Appointed by H.M. Government.
SIR HENRY BIRCHENOUGH, K.C.M.G., 79, Eccleston Square, London, S.W.
SIR HARRY D. MCGOWAN, K.B.E. (Managing Director Nobel's Explosives Co., Ltd.), 195, West George Street, Glasgow.
WILLIAM HENRY AYKROYD (Vice-Chairman T. F. Firth & Sons, Ltd.), Cliffe Hill, Lightcliffe.
GEORGE PEPLER NORTON (Armitage & Norton, Chartered Accountants), Station Street, Huddersfield.
DR. HERBERT LEVINSTEIN, F.I.C., M.Sc. (Managing Director of Levinstein, Ltd.), Newlands, Broughton Park, Manchester.
JOSEPH TURNER (Managing Director of British Dyes, Ltd.), Birkby Lodge, Huddersfield.

The above will also form the Boards of British Dyes, Limited, and of Levinstein, Limited.

Auditors.

THOMAS McLINTOCK & CO., Bond Court House, Walbrook, London, E.C.

Brokers.

W. GREENWELL & CO., 2, Finch Lane, London, E.C., and Stock Exchange.

Solicitors.

For the Company, British Dyes Limited, and Levinstein Limited.

SLAUGHTER & MAY, 18, Austin Friars, London, E.C. GRUNDY, KERSHAW, SAMSON & CO., 6, Austin Friars, London, E.C. HALL & CO., Huddersfield.

Secretary and Registered Office.

D. R. MACKAY, King's House, London, W.C.

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